

# **THE REFLECTOR**

**FEBRUARY  
1929**

**CLIFTON HIGH SCHOOL  
CLIFTON, NEW JERSEY**







# THE REFLECTOR

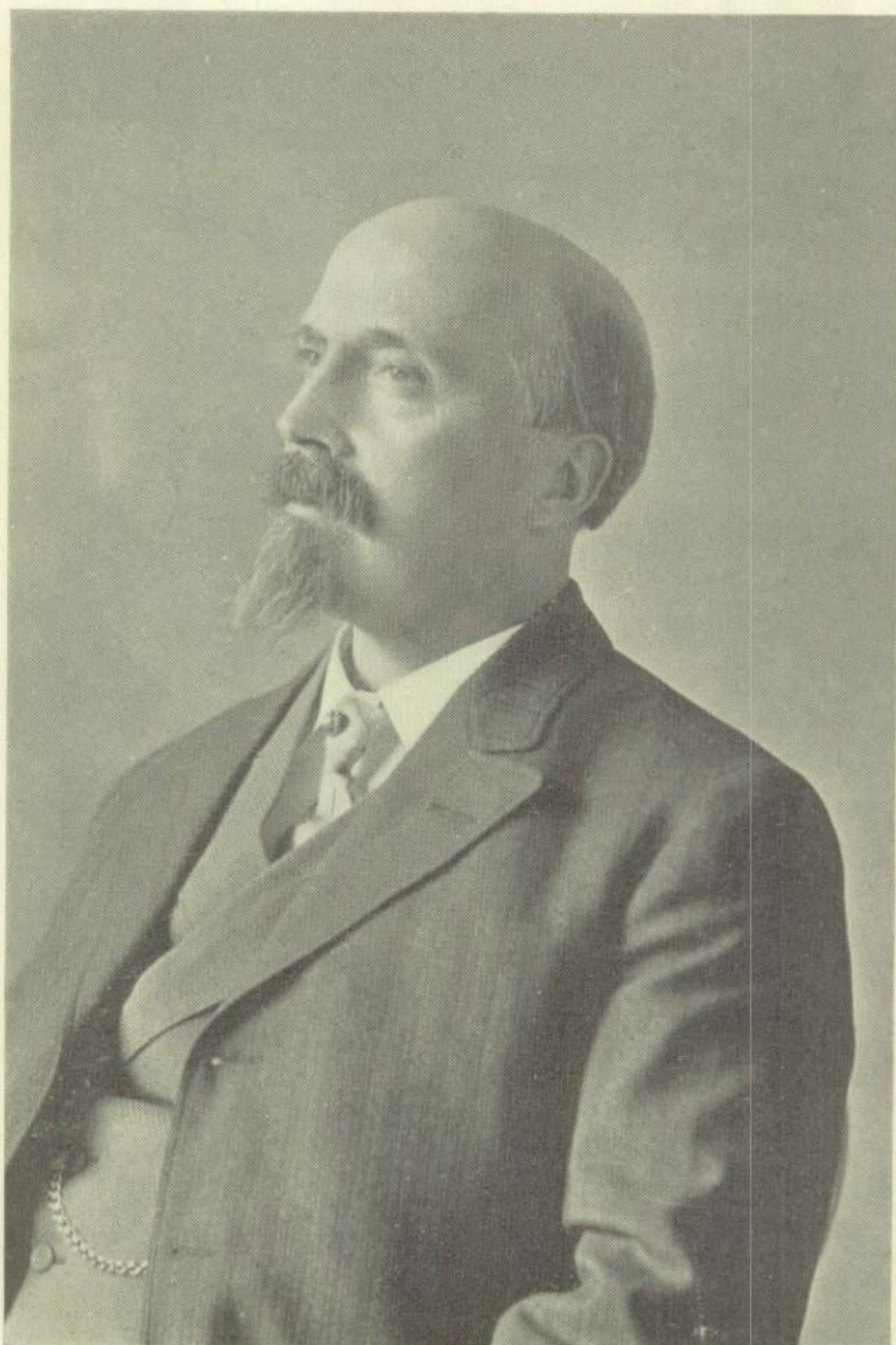
FEBRUARY, 1929



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*This issue of the Reflector  
is respectfully dedicated to  
HONORABLE JOHN H. ADAMSON  
whose earnest work has won  
our admiration and esteem.*





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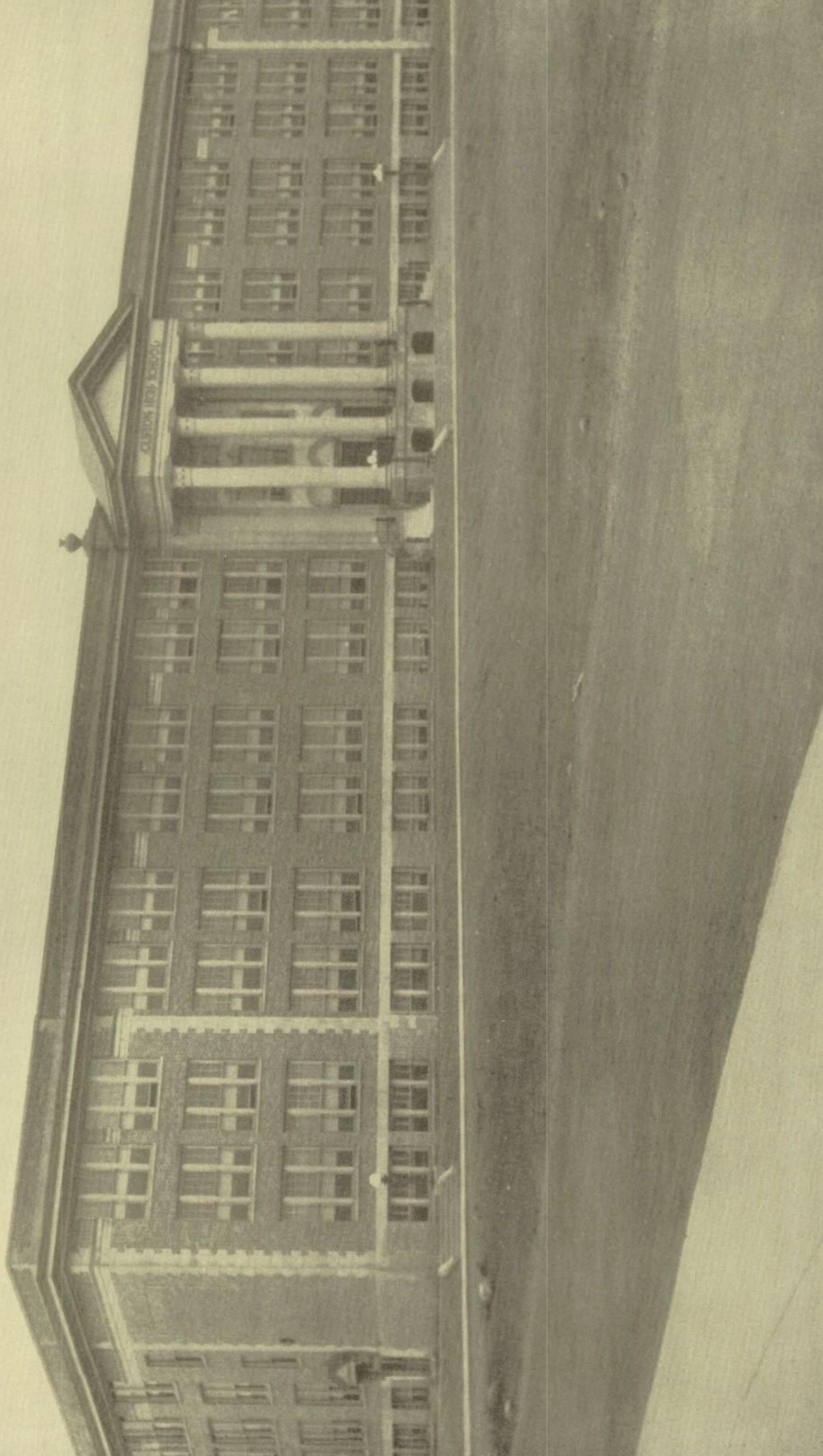






















## EDITORIALS

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### *Art*

HIGH SCHOOL students, you have one of the greatest opportunities the world affords—Appreciation of Art.

How many of you realize this—and act accordingly? How many idly wander thru the walk, defacing the building, marking and chipping the wood work, merely for lack of better employment? How many prepare lessons because it is necessary in order to receive that expected diploma? How many find lessons boring and unreasonable, because they are not given to you in the simplest form, because you, and not the professor, have to interpret and remember the correct data? If you do these things you are not receiving any benefit from your school work. By merely learning to appreciate art, you would be enlightened and learn to enjoy the so called "Impossible". Surely you could not disregard this opportunity?

There is beauty in every obscure corner, perhaps only in the falling of the shadows, and the designs they form; but if you realize this you will receive a certain amount of secret pleasure and gain a great step toward future enjoyment. For example, in music if you start with the feeling that notes have to be learned, have to be sung and have to be presented, you will not, of course, receive any pleasure from its study. But, on the other hand, if you see the spirit in which the composer wrote his composition, the picture he wished to point out, and the melodious way in which the notes follow each other,—why the piece is learned and you suddenly feel the presence of *Art*—Art in producing sounds and notes in an appealing, rhythmical fashion.

In the same manner—in English; art in poems, stories, essays and grammatical structure; in Science, art in nature, mechanical devices; in mathematics problems and solutions—hundreds of artistic reproductions in every course!

When you learn to appreciate art to this extent you will find that in place of mere joy of destruction, slacking and hurrying through subjects without any concentration, you will have gained the ability to appreciate, in various ways, many advantageous things—perhaps the greatest that which made possible the discovery—*your High School*.

SYLVIA REEVES '29.



*The Bright Side*

WE sometimes complain about school, wish we didn't have to go, threaten to burn it down, and do all such things, but we are looking at the wrong side of the question. There are two sides to all questions and the other side of this particular one is much more pleasant to look at. Our attitudes would soon change if we just compared our good luck with the bad. How fortunate we are to have such a fine building, fully equipped in every way! The library is not only a great help in reference work but also affords pleasure in its fiction. For those who wish to learn the fine points of sewing and cooking there is no better place than Clifton High. Also when a girl finds a run in her stocking just before a French test, the sewing room is very handy. Besides these facilities there are many others, such as the gym, science laboratories, and drawing rooms. In addition to all this equipment in the building we have the cooperation of a wise faculty and a worthy principal. We should be especially indebted to those of the faculty who help with class organizations, clubs, and the Reflector Staff. For a long time we have had one person outside the school intensely interested in every move made by the student body. We all know this one to be Colonel Adamson who has done so much to help us. Last, but not least, we owe a vote of thanks to the Dougherty Brothers who have, for so many years, given us the use of their athletic oval for all our baseball and football games. So the next time you feel wrong with the world, think of all these things and you should be comforted.

VERNA RIDSDALE, Feb '30.

*A Challenge*

ISRAELI once said, "Almost every thing that is great has been done by youth." Is that not a most wonderful challenge? In it is truth with a foundation, not just a few words that please the mind when they are read, but truth which can easily be made to pass provided the requirements are fulfilled.

The first requirement is youth. Not youth measured by age but youth measured by spirit. Not the youth that is hampered by fears or bound by foolish theories and ideals but the youth that sees everything ahead of it waiting only to be conquered. The youth that is not bowed by years nor daunted by disappointment!

And the requirements of youth are not hard to fulfill. Clean living, high thoughts and ideals, a courageous spirit are its greatest assets. With these comes accomplishments.

ELLEN PHILLIPS.



*The Price of Honor*

HONOR! Does not that very word which Webster defines as self respect strike deep into the most sensitive spots of our heart, calling to mind incidents when, at the time, the price we paid for honor seemed hardly worth while? Perhaps it was when the teacher slipped out of the class room during a test and the fellow next to you offered you a peep with him in a book at just the part you didn't know. You battled hard against temptation, and finally, with a firmly set mouth, shot a negative at him. Later you were scolded for not being able to answer that question while your fellow-student was used as an example that you should follow. Your eyes burned in their sockets, and a hard lump gathered in your throat. You wanted—Oh! so badly—to blurt out the whole truth but honor gripped you with such force that temptation was shaken from you and as she fell, her plans were shattered into a thousand pieces. For honor's sake you gulped down the choking lump and you took your medicine like a man. It seemed so difficult at the time, but did you not, by preserving your own honor, secure the respect of your school mates?

The older we grow, the more devoted servants of honor we become. For love of honor, alone, men and women have willingly given their lives.

The price honor demands is not always the loss of life but frequently it requires hard work. Many a good and wise man has been forced into Bankruptcy. He is no longer "legally" bound to pay his debts but counting his word higher than the law he has worked hard to pay back every cent. He has won the highest title of honor and men call him a "Man of His Word".

HORTENSE STEVENS.

*What's the Joke?*

HOW often do we hear that sentence grumbled by sour-faced individuals? Are you one of these people, or do you wear rose-colored glasses and look upon the sunny side of life?

Life is serious, of course, but we have only one, so why not treat it as something to enjoy, and not something in which to drag out a weary and drear existence?

There is a certain pleasure in all the problems of life, but we must discover it.



It is said that there are only two or three muscles needed to smile, while forty-eight are exercised in frowning. We must appreciate the views of others and not be hasty in criticizing. "Make hay while the sun shines" is a good motto, but "Make friends while the sun shines" is still better.

We must be good losers! Sometimes the losers are cheered and applauded more than the winners. It is more praiseworthy to be a good loser than a good winner.

In either case we must be honest and square in our work and play. The feeling of elation is greater if we win fairly.

Let us therefore look at life as a source of enjoyment. Let us look at its problems and its disappointments with a cheerful earnestness.

BEATRICE KLEIN.

### *Waiting*

The sun like a fiery comet is slowly sinking  
The corn stacks alight with the crimson rays  
Are bold flames shot from a molten earth,  
The sun sets  
And the stacks are like staid bronzed Indians  
Standing, thinking, waiting  
Standing like men out of whom the flame of youth has passed;  
Thinking of the days gone by,  
Waiting for that which is to come.

DOROTHY LENNON, June '29.

### *In Memoriam*

AARON SLYBLOOM

JESSIE EARLEY



# LITERATURE





*Revenge*

THE hot wind moaned softly through the tree tops and matted undergrowth. Far away, softened by the great distance, sounded the hunting cry of a hungry lion, a dreadful sound, once heard, never to be forgotten. All animal life large and small was out to kill, slay, devour and destroy. The endless battle of the jungle was on with "the survival of the fittest" as the only law.

Back and forth, back and forth in ceaseless monotony, now high and fast, now low and slow, sounded the din of the tom-toms, those great drums used for the transmitting of messages over miles of country.

Seated at the door of his little tent was Sir Robert Allen, smoking his pipe and getting what little coolness there was in the hot wind. Suddenly he was startled by a scream of pain. Jumping up he rushed to the tent from which the cry came. Now all was silent within, so walking up quietly he entered. The sight which greeted him was enough to make anyone's blood boil. In one corner of the tent lay a boy, his head beaten in and covered with blood. Over him stood his master, Allen's chief porter.

With a cry like an enraged beast, Allen threw himself at the negro and with a strength born of fury flung him bodily from the tent. Following up his advantage Allen rushed out with pistol drawn but the negro with the nimbleness of a cat had regained his feet and disappeared into the jungle.

Re-entering the tent, Allen tried to do what he could for the boy but it was too late—he was dead. This affected Allen greatly for, used as he was to violent death, he could not stand the thought of this helpless boy's being struck down for some trivial offense.

Calling his assistant, he gave orders to prepare for the burial of the boy and to watch for the killer, who was to be shot at sight.

An hour later as he was headed for his tent he heard a shot and a cry of triumph. Rushing out he saw a porter dragging the dead body of the murderer away. Evidently the fellow had been surprised in the act of entering or leaving his tent.

With no other thought but that of joy at the killing of the murderer, Allen entered his tent and took up his violin to amuse himself for a while. After playing a few minutes he heard something rustle on the floor. Looking down, his hair rose upon his head and he was frozen with terror for there upon the floor within easy reach of his unprotected legs was a deadly snake swaying to and fro, evidently charmed by the music. As he stopped playing for a few seconds the swaying stopped and the snake began to coil up ready to spring.



Gathering himself together, Allen started to play for he knew his only chance was to play and charm the snake until help came.

He played and played, until finally he began to wonder how the snake got there. Suddenly he knew—the murderer of the boy had placed it there to kill him and had been shot on coming out of the tent.

Hour after hour he played, not daring to move, knowing full well that to stop playing or to move would mean his death. All the scenes of his past life rose up before him, his friends, his sweetheart, his vast wealth and finally he thought of the strange wanderlust which had gotten him into this position. Was he to die like this? No! Every fiber in his body rebelled against it. He had only to play until dawn and then his servant would come in, discover his danger and kill the snake. Even as he thought this he saw the first faint greyness of the approaching dawn. Dead for want of sleep and confident that help would arrive, he let his violin fall from the exhausted fingers.

The snake slowly stopped his swaying, coiled for a spring and struck! sinking his cruel fangs deep into Allen's leg. With a wild yell Allen sprang up and with one blow severed the snake's head from its body. Then he sank back upon his bed, forgetful of the wound and sleep once more overcame him.

Half an hour later his servant came to the tent and found him lying peacefully with closed eyes and a faint smile on his lips—stone dead.

### *"Her"*

BOB MACFARLAND was a quiet lad, well liked by his superior officers and fellow men. When word was received from the front that Lieutenant Macfarland had been killed while saving his companion, and further announcements were made regarding his few possessions, together with a small gold locket and chain to be delivered to "Her," the soldiers of the regiment were mystified as well as grieved. The locket was examined, and inside was found the picture of a sweet-faced girl. An address was on the back of it. Out of respect to the last wish of a brave soldier, Tom Bryce, Macfarland's companion, was sent to deliver the trinkets in person.

After a few day's journey Bryce reached the quaint Scotch town of Traquair, and, following the directions of a ragged Scotchman, he found the home of Macfarland's sweetheart. It was an odd little house, sheltered by a blooming plum tree, and as Tom hesitated before knocking at the weather-beaten door, it was opened by a tiny, crippled old woman. She looked into his face, and, seeing only sympathy in his eyes, stretched out her hands and cried:



"Tell me he died bravely, my Bob!" Awkward Tom Bryce patted the little woman's shoulders and assured her Bob had been the bravest of soldiers. He assisted her into the kitchen, and when she recovered her poise she asked for an account of Bob's deeds.

At the close of a glowing narrative Tom took out the locket and chain. "His last wish was that this was to be given to 'Her'," he said reverently, and added, "none of us knew that Bob had a sweetheart."

The old lady took the locket, looked at the picture, and said: "Oh—bless his heart! I don't wonder you didn't recognize this; it is a picture of me forty years ago. Bob's little mother died when he was a small boy, and so I took care of him. Instead of calling me grandmother he always called me his sweetheart and carried this old picture around with him."

Tom Bryce turned away with tears in his eyes as the little old lady kissed the locket and put it away in an old trunk with other things of long, long ago.

VINCENT QUINLAN, June '30.

### *The Call of Summer*

**D**ID you ever, during the warm summer days, have the desire to leave home and just tramp around until you got tired? For many this feeling is satisfied by a month or so at the mountains or seashore. Others go to work while a few answer the call.

So it was that on a warm August day two boys from this end of the state (one, from C. H. S.) started on the first leg of their 1,200 mile jaunt. The two young travelers left with nine dollars between them and their objective was Cambridge Springs, Pennsylvania; where lived an aunt and where were prospects of earning money for the return trip.

The first day the young hitch-hikers reached Matawan, New Jersey by a couple of lifts, hitches and steps. It was only a six mile trip but the boys were as yet unexperienced and not hardy enough to stand much knocking while sitting on the tail end of a truck on a not too smooth New Jersey road. Moreover, at Matawan were prospects of a meal and a bed at the home of a friend. As the meal and bed were obtained (plus plenty of mosquitoes) the expenses for the day mounted to but 30c a piece, and this spent mostly on sodas.

The next day was somewhat better in mileage. Our travelers went from Matawan to Trenton, then to Philadelphia and Paoli, Pennsylvania; which is about twenty-five miles westward out of Philadelphia on the Lincoln Highway. The day had been fairly good except that one of the travelers had had to cut a hole in his shoe to make way for a blister.

About fifty cents was spent on "eats" and a comfortable night was passed curled up on the soft seat of an idle Pennsylvania Railroad coach.



That the hitch-hikers were learning is shown by the fact that on the third day out 315 miles were covered by one lift between Paoli and New Kensington, Pennsylvania, which is a manufacturing town a little north of Pittsburgh. The trip was made in a Pontiac coupe driven by a genial old engineer traveling from North Carolina to Minnesota. (This is not an advertisement for the Pontiac people.) About 35 cents was spent on food and 50 cents for a bed in a Y. M. C. A.

The following day 132 miles were covered and the goal reached. Thus approximately 685 miles were covered in four days. To reach this place \$3.50 was spent.

After three days in Cambridge Springs our hitch-hikers again take up their shoes, and strike out for Buffalo after having earned about six dollars on the golf links and rested their tired "dogs". They had a total of \$9.50 for their return journey.

The eighth day Buffalo and the Niagara were viewed and the night was spent in Williamsville, New York. This was the worst night of all for Williamsville is so small a town that no rooms could be found. A cold but sleepless night was spent in a box car.

The next stopping place was Fayetteville which will ever be remembered for doughnuts which melted in one's mouth and were purchased at 20 cents a half dozen.

The following nightfall caught our wanderers marooned on the roadside five miles from the nearest town. A supperless night was spent in a hay barn. I say hay barn because today few barns hold hay. An inspection of most barns shows an old Ford and some out of date farm implements. Also, sleeping in the hay is not what some people think it is. The stiff hay pricks the skin and in the morning an hour must be spent picking hay from one's clothes.

The latter part of the journey took our travelers through the picturesque Mohawk Trail. The eleventh night was spent in an Albany Y. M. C. A. and the following night our travelers turned in at their own homes.

All this time the weather was fine. The men who gave lifts were kind; many times offering meals and suggestions. Many were going long distances and were glad of companionship.

A distance of approximately 1,187 miles was covered in nine days of real hitch-hiking. This averaged 132 miles a day which is hard in any man's country.

Towns such as Trenton, Philadelphia, Erie, Buffalo, Syracuse and Albany were visited. In all it was a pleasant experience; making our youthful travelers more sophisticated by bringing them into contact with various kinds of people and showing them what they could do when forced to depend on their own resources.

YANOWICZ '29.



*Rough Roads*

DUSTY, Gypsy caravans trailed along the road, which hardly deserved to be called by that name, and halted. The leader, who had been before them during the whole of the day, had given the signal. They had stopped before a beautiful site. Flowers, green grass, giant trees, and the necessary spring brook were a welcome sight to this band which must ever move on.

Starting across the carpet of green, each drew rein at a desirable spot and made ready for an indefinite stay—indefinite because this leader whom they all obeyed had not a definite plan. How many years they had followed him! How many years they had depended upon this, their man, whom they worshipped and honored as a god! And yet, when the other young men of the party cast their eyes upon him, or when they caught the eyes of their sweethearts leaping at the sight of him, they wondered;—wondered, how came he here, how old was he, and how had he got his grip upon their people. Gypsies were they, and gypsy he was not.

His arrival in the party had been unobtrusive, and his leadership unquestioned. He was the friend of all. His tall, splendidly molded form, and well developed muscles attracted notice, as he went from one van to another inquiring as to their possible comfort. His face told of breeding and a character not to be shaken. And yet, at this moment as he strode back and forth, a shade of something crossed it, a shade and look, which Serveet, his right hand man had once remarked, reminded him of an animal seeking out a prey, which had eluded him.

"Serveet," he commanded "we remain here for several months." This news created something like a panic among the people. What was his purpose? Why this spot to stay at? It was, it is true, an ideal spot in itself, but 'twas only a farming section and very few farms at that. "Well—," and so they all ended.

Pleasant days went by. All began to whisper of the change in their leader. One night, Serveet, who had become suspicious and worried over the prospects of this great master, noticed Titone, as he had been named by these people, slip from camp under cover of darkness. Gliding after him, Serveet finally found himself in a village several miles from camp. Hiding under each dark shadow, he saw Titone enter the village inn. Why had the leader come here? Serveet boldly opened the door and entered. Through all the smoke he spied an unoccupied table, in a corner. Seating himself he glanced around, noticed Titone busily talking with a questionable looking man, so decided he would await results.



Hour after hour went by, and the only progress noticeable, was the evident drunkenness of the man, whom Titone had engaged in conversation. The place had become marvelously quiet. Then, "I tell you that guy was taken in," came from a pair of dirty drunken lips. As if by magic, the man became sober after his rough exclamation. Shaking his great head as a man in doubt, he leaned forward and cried hoarsely, "God, Noame himself". Crazed, he arose, knocked the table over, and advanced. The next moment the room was in darkness. When all was quiet again, Titone, Serveet, and the big brute, had disappeared.

Back at camp we find that Titone and Serveet had been able between the two of them, to drag the brute from the inn. In Titone's camp, removed from the other camps by many yards, a strange sight was to be seen. Titone's prisoner, gagged and tied in one corner, Serveet with large eyes fastened on the man; Titone pacing nervously up and down the length of the tent.

"Bymomth," the leader finally exclaimed, "I've watched for you these years. 'Twas only recently I caught sight of you in Carston, and have followed you up to the inn, where you were tonight.

"I will give you ten minutes to reveal everything. After that I do not answer for the results. I don't wish to threaten, but you are one, and I have many—" Titone spoke tersely.

Five minutes had elapsed, and the prisoner, who had given up all hope of escape, was squirming uncomfortably in his corner. Several times he wetted his lips to speak and finally broke the tension with, "You were not the murderer!" "I am glad you know that," Titone said softly, and one instantly sensed the wonderful relief in his voice. "But more."

"I have no more to say," was the response.

"The threat still holds good," came the retort.

"I must know all. Who murdered Lord Geymore? Why? And where is Helene? Come man, answer!"

"Well," the brute blurted, "that night when you went to see Lord Geymore in his den, to ask for the hand of his daughter in marriage, I had come to get certain papers and money from the Lord. Jake, my companion, and I, made our way into the house, passed down the halls into the den, but we had not known of your presence at the time. On sight of you, I instantly pulled out my gun as you know, but you were too quick for me, and the next thing I knew your bullet had grazed my arm. Jake had taken aim at you at the same time. Unfortunately his bullet found Lord Geymore. When Geymore fell, we immediately escaped and you were found with the gun and its missing bullet in Lord Geymore. That is all, except that when the trial day came you had escaped. The people have never forgotten it, nor have they learned that you, Baron Noame, were not the murderer."



"They will in a very short time, and you will be the one to explain," Noame replied.

"Is this not enough?" the other demanded.

"Far from enough, Bymomth, you have forgotten the most important question. Where is Helen and what has she done?" he demanded with a lover's impatience.

"Several months ago, I heard that she had gone to live with her aunt although she is far from well," Bymomth retorted.

"You shall go to Nash with me, and for a certain reason tell all that you have told me, to the authorities," this from the Baron with a smile playing around his mouth.

A few weeks later in Nash, one read in the weekly Dictator, a strange tale of Lord Geymore's murder, while on the same page, one found the announcement of the marriage of Helen Geymore to Baron Noame, to take place one week from that day.

Several years have gone by. Baron Noame and his wife are happy. Serveet, who has been with "Master Titone", as he calls the Baron, through all his hardships now shares his joy. He is happy in Noame's employ.

Every summer Noame joins his gypsy band for a few weeks, and thus enjoys nature and keeps in touch with his adopted people. He remains in their memory always, and they refer to him as, "Master Titone—he one good guy."

ELSIE APELIAN '30.

### *Oh If My Love Were That Sweet Rose*

Oh if my love were that sweet rose  
 And I were but a bee  
 I'd fly about and buzz all day  
 And keep it sweet for me.  
 But when "Jack Frost" had loud proclaimed  
 That summer days had flown  
 And my sweet rose would droop and die  
 Ah, how I would bemoan!  
 Still, through the winter I would live  
 A-waiting next year's June;  
 For then I know that my sweet rose  
 Again will freshly bloom.

THEODORE KULIK.



*Patience Rewarded*

PEERING over the boat rail, Hope strained her weary, blue eyes to catch a glimpse of land. The sun shone brightly and suddenly like a fairy place the city appeared. There were tall church spires, shining high towers, ribbon-like canals, and many whirling windmills. Amsterdam in Holland was the haven of this little boat load of Pilgrims.

Hope Arnold, a little English girl of ten years, blue eyed and flaxen haired, shivered, and turned to one of the women at her side.

"Do you think my father will be waiting for me on shore? The last thing he said to me before he put me on the boat was, 'Wait for me Hope. I will be with you soon.' But that was a long time ago."

The woman turned away that the little girl might not see the tears in her eyes for Hope's father had met with a sad fate. Just before the ship that bore the pilgrims to Holland sailed he had been cast into prison by the King because of his belief, and Hope was all alone.

"Perhaps your father will meet you some day in Amsterdam and if he told you to be patient and wait for him he will surely come."

There were friends waiting on shore for all,—brothers and fathers who had come some time before from England to make homes for them. Everybody had some place to go and Hope looked about her bewildered.

"Welcome to Holland, little English maid. And where are you going to live?" asked a Dutch housewife who had come over from England some time before and knew what it meant to be a stranger in a new land.

Hope looked up wonderingly and then told her that she was expecting her father but that he had not come nor did she know when he would come.

"Poor little girl you shall come home with me. There is always room for one more in my home," the woman said kindly. She took Hope's hand and led her away from the others along the canal.

The house where they stopped was made of red brick and it looked very cosy to poor little Hope. They opened the door into a quaint, shining kitchen. The floor was made of white tiles and there was a queer little fire place over which was hung a copper kettle. There were stiff white curtains at the windows and on the sill of one was a row of blossoming plants. There was another room beyond where there was a strange bed built in the wall.

"John, John," the woman called, "come in to see your new little sister. You have always wanted a playmate and here is one come to live with you."

A plump, rosy little boy with eyes as blue as Hope's own and dressed in brown trousers and clumsy wooden shoes, entered the room. Soon they were chatting merrily like the best of friends.



"You may help me drive the dogs that draw the milk wagon," said John the next morning as they ate breakfast.

"And so I can help earn some money for your kind mother?" Hope asked John.

John had two dogs and a little two-wheeled cart to which he harnessed them every morning. Into the cart his mother put two shining pails and a long handled dipper for measuring. Off started the cart along the narrow street with Hope on one side and John on the other. At every cottage the Dutch housewives had a pleasant smile for the little English lass.

The days passed with blue skies and the sun shining down upon the canal. Hope's days with John were busy, merry ones. She too had wooden shoes now and John's mother had made her a warm, red skirt and a little green velvet coat. Hope looked like a real Dutch girl as she skated to school every morning.

There was never any place in England, Hope thought, so merry and gay as the little frozen canal in front of her new home. It seemed that everybody was on skates; the market women, the school children, and even the old doctor skated to see his sick patients.

"Aren't you glad that you came to Holland to be my little sister?" asked John as they skated to school one morning.

"I am very glad. But, oh, John, I wish I could see my father."

Spring came early to the canal and once more the tulips burst into bloom. Hope had never seen such beautiful flowers in all her life.

As the warm summer days went by Hope grew sad, for her father had not yet come and she knew that there was not much money in the home into which she had been welcomed so kindly. The only link she had to her old home and father was a golden locket which she prized very greatly. John's mother had told her that it was worth a great deal so Hope thought to sell it to make some money.

One Saturday morning when John was on an errand for his mother, Hope took her precious locket and hurried out of the house. She had decided to go down to the dyke at the coast where many merchant ships came in and where she would be sure to sell it. As soon as she reached the dyke she began to cry, "Who wants to buy my locket a, pretty locket." She was so intent on holding her treasure correctly that she collided with a man. Looking up she heard him cry.

"Hope, Hope, my little Hope, at last I have found you."

"Father, Father! Where have you been so long?"

Hope rushed into his arms and there were many explanations amid laughter and tears.



Hope's father had been released from prison many months before but he could not find Hope. All the other people who had been on the boat with Hope had gone to America and there was no one to tell Mr. Arnold where his little daughter was. Now he could make a home for her and reward John's mother.

JULIA GROSS, Feb. '30.

*Armistice*

|                         |                        |                         |
|-------------------------|------------------------|-------------------------|
| Shrill fife, shrill     | Beat drum, beat        | Peace man, Peace.       |
| Cross the hill!         | Thru the street!       | War must cease!         |
| Rouse the living dead,  | Every bell is ringing, | Honest men will preach, |
| Hail the one that said, | America is singing,    | Earnest women teach,    |
| Peace man—Peace!        | Peace man—Peace!       | Peace man—Peace!        |

VERNON CHARLES GROUNDS, Feb '32.

*Told at Twilight*

Shyly the partng sunbeams  
 Stole back through the painted glass,  
 And wrapped n their garments of glory  
 A subdued and a heavenly mass.

When they fell 'round about us  
 As we dreamed on the closing day,  
 They mingled; the dreams and the sunbeams,  
 And left us with shadows of grey.

And after the shadows came darkness,  
 And the painted glass tarnished black,  
 So dark and so black 'round about us  
 That our dreams—could they ever come back?

How could such dreams ever perish,  
 Though they seemed to have passed away  
 Dreams gone away with the sunbeams,  
 Away with the close of day?

For when the morn has arisen  
 From the depths of the black of night,  
 They too shall come back with the sunbeams  
 In the waves of its magic light.

ELLEN PHILLIPS '30.



*The Master Misses*

IT was a dreary night in the Limehouse District of London. There was a thick, pea-soupy fog obstructing the vision on all sides. Not many people were hanging around the streets and less on the particular corner where "Knife" Kelly stood. He was slovenly dressed, had a cigarette drooping out of his mouth, a cap pulled down over his eyes, and his right hand on his namesake, a long, sharp stiletto. He had a reason for standing there that night. He needed money, and needed it badly.

Pretty soon he heard footsteps. His breath came quickly and his hand tightened on the stiletto. He could see the figure coming. Who was it? He dove into the shadows and was about to attack the man when he saw that it was a "Bobbie"—one of the London police. "Knife" cursed his luck and started to walk up the street. Who was that on the corner? Ah! A prospect at last. He took out his knife and stuck it against the man's ribs and demanded money. The man was just going to hand it over when "Knife" heard footsteps. The "Bobbie" was coming back! He held the knife against the man's ribs and told him to walk along naturally with him. The "Bobbie" looked at them but didn't notice anything wrong. "Knife" breathed easier, for this, he had promised his mother, was to be the last job he'd do. He wanted this money to take his mother some place where she'd get well from that dread disease, tuberculosis. Kelly turned his head and as he did so, his prospect began to run away. "Knife," in a rage, threw his stiletto and the man fell. He went down without a sound except for the dull thud when he hit the ground. When Kelly got there, he was stone dead. Suddenly "Knife" thought of the gallows. His collar seemed to choke him. He saw himself strung up, kicking his last and his mother, on her death bed, praying for him. His next thoughts were to dispose of the body. He looked around for his stiletto but couldn't find it. He took the man's money and was just going to pick up the body when he heard a police whistle. He started to run and before he got home he could hardly walk. He got inside and locked the door and counted the money. Fifteen hundred pounds! He gave his mother the money and went out, never telling what had happened. All night "Knife" hid in a cellar in fear of being captured.

The next morning he disguised himself and went out. As he was walking along the street he saw the headlines of a paper, "Unidentified man drops dead of heart failure". He bought the paper and read it. Sure enough, it was the same man. But what about the knife? Ah! here it was. "A stiletto was found sticking in a barrel near to where the man fell. Police unable to explain its presence." "Knife" Kelly, the master at the art of knife-throwing, had missed! The newsboy heard Kelly exclaim, "Thank God I missed for once in my life."

H. MATHER.



*Lovers*

Night is a maiden  
A beauteous, moody maiden;  
When happy,  
She decks herself in star jewels,  
And glances in her moon mirror,  
Then waits  
For her lover, day,  
But sometimes when she's lonely  
She doesn't wear her star jewels,  
Doesn't find her mirror,  
Neglects her vanity;  
She wraps herself around the world  
And cries, and cries, and cries—  
Day, her merry lover,  
Often wears a bright crown  
As he hovers round the world.  
But, too, sometimes sad, very sad,  
And sometimes tearful,  
Because he cannot see his love  
All the time—  
Destiny has made it so.  
But at the first burst of dawn,  
And at the last beam of sunset,  
They kiss—

D. KROUSE.

*Harvest*

Lord  
You have given  
The warm rain and sunshine.  
Every field  
Has flourished  
With corn or golden wheat.  
But now  
The corn and wheat are gone,  
Withered stalks  
Grace the barren earth:  
Still,  
Within the ample barn  
Luscious fruit and corn  
Mingle with the grain.  
Overhead  
The sunny sky  
Smiles upon the pumpkins  
That are stacked along the fence.

Lord,  
I rest  
In peace.

VERNON CHARLES GROUNDS,  
Feb. '32.

*Forest Life*

There is stillness within the towering walls,  
Not a bough nor a leaf is astir;  
There is loneliness as a lone bird calls,  
From her cozy home, warm as fur.

A fox slinks silently through the brake  
Stalking for his prey;  
A heron flashes in a nearby lake,  
Awaiting his meals of the day.

Swiftly the shadows gather o'er the grove,  
The sun sinks in the west;  
No longer do the foxes rove;  
For forest life is at rest.

HARRY KRUFF.





LATIN  
CLUB



SPANISH  
CLUB



DEBATING  
CLUB



## SCHOOL NEWS

### *Latin Club*

LAST year you challenged us, Reflector! We have accepted the challenge and have fared well. We had a hard time getting people interested in our club because of its fancy name, "CLASSICA SODALITAS". Somehow or other, all Latin students are prone to avoid anything which has to do with Latin!

The officers of the club have worked especially hard to devise interesting programs having to do with the home life of the Romans. Reference libraries have been attacked feverishly in the hopes of finding something humorous and instructive. Our sponsor, Miss Howard, has shown a very deep interest in the activities of our club and has often taken part in the programs.

Although we have had little experience in this line, we are planning to give a play, "THE SLAVE GIRL".

We have had Christmas programs, plays, debates, speeches, recitations, and ancient games. We have about used up our supply of programs, therefore we need new members with brand new ideas. Anyone taking Latin may join the club and take part.

Our officers, at present, are: Maja Pfister, President; Marie Petru-chak, Vice President; Marie Gotschuis, Secretary; Morris Friedman, Treasurer.

MARIE GOETSCHUIS, *Secretary*.

### *Notes on Spanish Club*

THE Spanish Club, known to the Spanish students as "El Circulo Castellano" met on October 15 in room 201. The purpose of the meeting was to reorganize and elect new officers. The present officers are:

Stewart Luques, President; Stewart Malloy, Vice-President; Bruno Dall'Ava, Secretary; Curt Grob, Treasurer.

The purpose of the Spanish Club is to promote interest in the study of Spanish and to better acquaint the students with Spanish customs, literature and culture. All the affairs and business of the club are conducted in Spanish and at every meeting some sort of entertainment such as a playlet, a song, or game, is enjoyed by the members.

Besides paying dues for a picture in the Reflector the members are contributing towards a trip to the Spanish Museum in New York City. The enrollment of the Spanish Club has been greatly increased by allowing 3-2 students as well as 4-1's and 4-2's to join.

The members of the Spanish Club wish to take this medium to express their thanks and appreciation to Miss Kehl, their sponsor, for her untiring efforts in making the Spanish Club a success.

BRUNO DALL'AVA, *Secretary*.





REFLECTOR  
STAFF

G.O. MEMBERS



HONOR  
SOCIETY



### *The Reflector Picnic*

THIS year, the annual initiation of the new members of the Reflector staff and the party tendered them, was carried out in a very new and clever manner. The staff decided to have this social assume the form of a picnic. With this in mind, the sponsors and members of the staff made several mysterious excursions to nearby stores.

The scene of the picnic was to be in the rear of the old Garret Mountain Park. This information was withheld from the new members.

As the distance from the school to Garret Mountain Park is about three miles, the sponsors were relying upon the regular school buses for transportation. Imagine their consternation when the buses failed to appear! After waiting a short time, they decided that their only recourse was to walk. Mr. Nutt very generously offered to take the teachers there in his car.

The students, still in ignorance of their ultimate destination, started out with vigor and lots of confidence.

I wonder how they felt as they walked and walked and still seemed no nearer to their goal? Eventually they reached the park.

In a short time, they all sat down and enjoyed a substantial and welcome meal. The plentiful supply of roast corn and potatoes was quickly diminished by the determined onslaughts of the hunger-stricken and revengeful hikers.

We are very grateful to Mr. Nutt for his generosity and helpfulness, and we also extend our gratitude to the sponsors, the Misses Hoffman, Brown, Spinella, and Mrs. Grammer, whose capable planning made possible the success of our first picnic.

We have hopes of many future gatherings of the Staff under our present sponsors.

WALTER LOHMAR '30.

### *General Organization*

THE General Organization assembled under the direction of Mr. Nutt on September 26. At the first meeting election of officers was held, the results being as follows:

President, Curt Grob; Vice President, Lillian Murphy.

There are thirty-eight members at present. Each member represents one of the section rooms. The G. O. forms a direct contact between Mr. Nutt and the student body.

On the day preceding the Dover game, the G. O. members were given tickets to sell in the Section Rooms. This method proved to be very successful. The G. O. also sold tickets for the Wood Wind Concert, which was held in the High School auditorium on October 29.

The G. O. has become more important this year than before, for its duties are connected not only with Section Room work, but also Reflector work.

LILLIAN MURPHY, Secretary.



### *Honor Society*

THE Honor Society of Clifton High School was formed in June, 1928. Its purpose is to increase the number of Honor Students in the high school.

To be eligible to this society, one must attain an average of eighty or above in every subject, except Physical Training, for four terms. To increase the enthusiasm of the students, pins are awarded. A bronze pin is given for four consecutive terms or six non-consecutive terms, a silver pin for six consecutive terms or seven non-consecutive terms, and a gold pin for eight terms.

At the first meeting the thirty-nine members who constitute the entire society were present. Of these, Stewart Malloy was elected President, Leonie Heimann, Vice-President, and Lillian Schmidt, Secretary. Since that time, three meetings have been held and a constitution drawn up.

Our meetings are very enjoyable, and we urge every student to endeavor to become a member of the Honor Society. It is the desire of the society and its sponsor, Miss Hill, to have the present membership doubled next term.

LILLIAN SCHMIDT, Secretary.

### *The Honor Society's Party*

SOME of you may think that all the Honor Society does is to listen to some dry lectures or to study. But you should have been at the party we had.

On November 22nd the old members of the Honor Society gave a reception to welcome in the new ones. The first part of the program was given by the old members. It consisted of an address of welcome by the president, Stewart Malloy; a pantomime, which was exceedingly funny; a piano solo by Doris Edwards; and a vocal solo by Albert Krause. Last but not least, Mr. Nutt compared the High Schools of yesterday with those of today.

The second part of the program was given by the new members. This happened to be their initiation. Everyone enjoyed this very much, especially a demonstration of the latest methods of feeding by Grace Wood and Alexander Hughes.

We hope that next term we shall be able to welcome in a great many more students, so that they too can enjoy our good times.

BEATRICE KLEIN.

### *Library Club*

HELLO, Students! We're a new club, but we're sure you've heard of us, The Library Club. We take care of the Library and are learning the regular routine of Library work. We have as our sponsor, Miss Morrell and we boast a membership of 90 students.



At the first meeting our our club, we elected the following officers:  
President, Anna Van Leuween, Vice-President, Lillian Schmidt;  
Secretary, Dorothy Richter.

We meet every Wednesday after school in Room 303. Join now!

DOROTHY RICHTER, Secretary.

### *4-1 Class News*

AT the beginning of the semester, new officers were elected to take care of the Senior 4-1 Class of 1929. Theodore Kulik was elected President; John Surgent, Vice-President; Kitty Deitz, Secretary; Steward Malloy, Treasurer; Jacoba Prins, Class Historian; John Surgent and Sam Seader, Sergeants-at-Arms. The last is a new office created to help preserve order and dignity at the meetings.

The main attraction of the term was the successful Hallowe'en Dance. Bobbing for apples, fortune telling, Dance contests and novelty dances supplied entertainment for the merry crowd and the evening was one of jollity and good fun.

Candy, pennants, and novelty pins have been sold at the games and though our cheery helpers have not sold so many, the interest of the Senior Class as a whole, seems so encouraging that the future just gleams with good fortune.

Miss Clarkson and Mrs. Andregg, our sponsors have helped us so much in our social and business activities that without them, we should be lost.

KITTY DEITZ (Secretary).

### *A 3-2's Diary*

SEPT. 17, 1928. Went to the first class meeting of the new term. The same officers who held office in our 3-1 term continued in office. They are: Alfred Nordstrom, President; Verna Ridsdale, Vice-President; Dorothy Richter, Secretary; Ben Jaffe, Treasurer; and Harry Bellinson, Class Historian.

Oct. 23, 1928. Today we decided to give the Junior Prom on the evening of Dec. 7th.

Nov. 16, 1928. In the gym after school—A Class Party, a good time was had by all.

Nov. 21, 1928. Back to the old days—A Hot Dog Sale! Great Success!

Gee, Diary! I almost forgot; Miss K. Merrey and Miss E. Morrell are our sponsors. Together with the 3-1 Class they are working hard for the success of the "Prom".

We're all set for the "Prom" and I am sure it will be successful.

Nothing more to write now, Diary, so here's good-bye 'till we have further activities.

DOROTHY RICHTER, Secretary.



### *3-1 Class*

THE first meeting of the 3-1 class was held on Monday, September 17. The officers who were nominated at this meeting were voted upon on September 24 with the following results:

Alexander Hughes, President; Alba Belli, Vice-President; Corinne Kumlin, Secretary; Lester Cooper, Treasurer.

The next important meeting was held on October 24 when it was decided to have a hot dog sale. This sale was held the following Wednesday during the noon hour. It was the first sale of its kind in the history of the new Clifton High School. Plans were also discussed for the first social event, the Junior Prom, held on Friday evening, December 7.

CORINNE KUMLIN, Secretary.

### *The 3-1 Hot Dog Sale*

HOT DOGS! How well we remember the impatience with which we awaited the ringing of the luncheon bell. This was the day on which the 3-1's were having their hot dog sale!

The delightful aroma of boiling hot dogs which occasionally drifted through the halls and into the class-rooms, caused much comment among the students.

When the bell rang, we all rushed to our section rooms and awaited the arrival of the hot-dogs. They had been cooked with great care and as a result were practically perfect. The sale, itself, was a financial victory for the 3-1 class.

W. LOHMAR.

### *Columbus Day*

THE first special assembly this year was a Columbus Day program ably sponsored by Mrs. Anderegg of the history department.

Following the flag salute, we listened to an interesting talk on "National Ideals" by Lillian Murphy.

After a selection by the orchestra, Thomas Reilly gave a speech which was especially fitting. As a special treat, we were favored with a violin solo played by Vincent Mesaros of the orchestra and two songs sung by the popular tenor, Jacob Kulik. As a concluding number Principal Nutt addressed the assembly.

### *Lecture on Corot - - October 17, 1928*

ONE of the most interesting assemblies held in the High School Auditorium this year, was the special assembly of October 17, featuring an illustrated lecture given by Miss Chanalis of Newark. Miss Chanalis, with the aid of the picture machine, described very fully the life and works of the celebrated artist, Corot.

He painted many pictures, but unfortunately not all of them were accepted by the critics of that time. His masterpieces depict nature as it really is, especially in the early morning light.

EVELYN PERRYMAN '30.





ORCHESTRA



GLEE  
CLUB



LIBRARY  
CLUB



### *Armistice Day Program*

THE Armistice Day Program was under the careful supervision of Miss C. Brown. Mr. Kaston was the Master of Ceremonies. After the opening exercises, Mr. Kulik, the school's famous tenor, favored us with two songs, "In the Garden of Tomorrow," and "Roses of Picardy". A piano solo, "Prelude in C# Minor" by Rachmaninoff was skillfully played by our pianist, Mr. Fina. Miss Virginia Dair recited "Our Dead" from Rupert Brook.

The second half of the program was in concert form. The famous Mr. Farland, banjoist of New York, rendered several classical selections and a few popular songs, two of which were, "Lilac Time" and "Ramona". Mr. Farland displayed excellent tone quality and harmony. He has played in theatres for thirty years, entertaining the music-loving audiences with his pleasant numbers.

Surely, everyone enjoyed this delightful program.

### *The Junior Prom*

THE annual Junior Prom given by the 3-1 and 3-2 classes, was held on Friday evening, December seventh.

The gymnasium was tastefully decorated with orchid and purple streamers, together with colorful lanterns and floor lamps of modernistic design. At each side of the gymnasium a crimson sunset had been constructed of crepe paper, with orange and yellow streamers for rays.

The sponsors, the Misses Kelly, Brown, Merry and Morrell, spent many hours assisted by the Junior girls, in collecting and arranging the decorations.

Those in attendance danced until midnight to the tunes of the latest songs rendered by Freddie Weber and his Ambassadors.

Punch and ice cream were served by a committee of Junior girls, attired in dainty costumes which matched the decorations.

We are very grateful to Mr. Rosenfeld and several members of his physics club, for their assistance in installing the necessary wiring.

The patronesses who attended were: Mesdames G. J. Smith, G. W. Smith, Burk, Eberling, Phillips, Collester and Stackpole; the Misses Mayberry, Rennison, Connelly, Maurel, Marr, Beams, I. Smith and McFerran. The Messrs. Baker and D. Collester were also present.

WALTER LOHMAR '30.



# WHO'S WHO



BEAUTY AND THE BEAST



ANY LAST WISH?



HOT DOG!



HMPH!



THE FOUR MOSQUITOS



PUZZLE :  
FIND TWO ROBIN-HOODS



DAWN BEFORE THE  
PRISON WALLS



BABES IN THE  
WOOD



YEP! ITS HE!





STUCK UP



NEEDS NO LABEL



WOW! WOT A GAIN



SMILES



AH! PRETTY

?



HEY! KEEP OFF THE SIDEWALK!



ENTERING SCHOOL IN EAGER ANTICIPATION



MISS BEAMS DOTH REIGN



MISS MORSE'S HEAVEN



YE GAWDS! LATE AGAIN!





THREE BIG GUNS



READY, IN CASE—



AN' MAKE IT LOUD!



EVEN PRINCIPALS HAVE WEAKNESSES



ISN'T HE A BEAUTY?



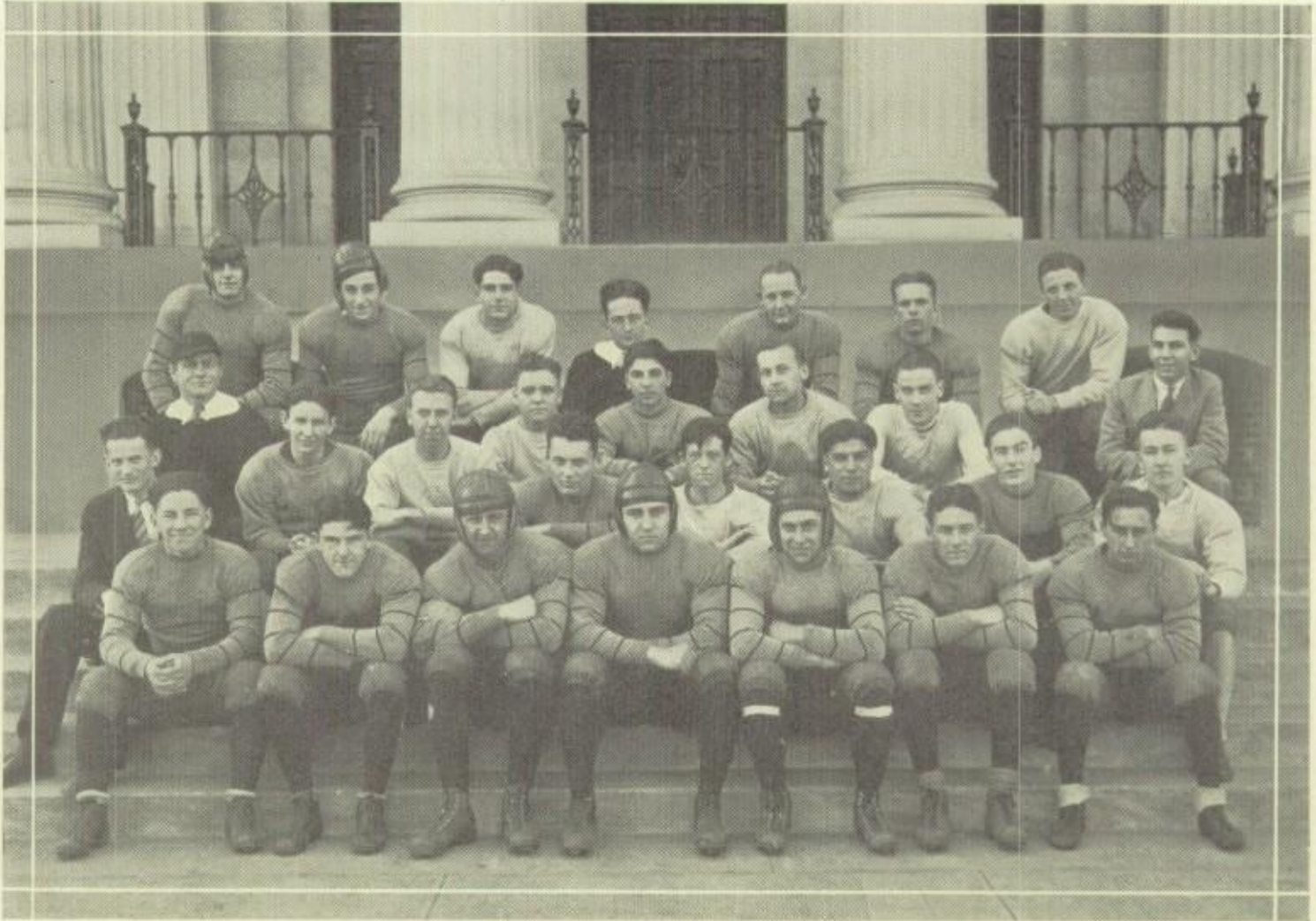
C'MON! LET'S GET STARTED



WHO YA SHOVING?



## ATHLETICS



### *Football*

FOR many years Clifton High School has had the use of Doherty Oval for football and baseball. This year, unfortunately, it was condemned by inspectors. This left us with the problem of finding a place in which to play our games, but, "Where there is a will there is a way." Coach Donnely settled our problem by putting some of the boys to work with picks, shovels and rakes. The street department volunteered to help, and it was not long before we had a level and well laid out field.

The next obstacle to be overcome was that of finances. To play football we would need money for uniforms, footballs and other equipment. In all our previous games we had been able to charge admission; but how could we sell tickets on our open field? This time the General Organization made a suggestion. They thought we should sell tags at the games, thereby making enough money to meet expenses. This met with the approval of all. Many girls volunteered to sell tags at our home games, and where we had, at first, expected to have just about enough for expenses, we now found that we would have a surplus.



We have had some good games on our new field, so good, in fact, we feel well repaid for our efforts. We have lost games as well as won them, but our team deserves a great deal of credit for it has fought with great spirit and determination against many odds.

The Clifton Football Team had an array of stars this year.

Captain Sam Seader was one of the best line plungers in this section. He was a very able leader and was always called upon when four or five yards were needed for a first down. His style of playing differs from that of other fellows. He is quiet around the school but when he is in the game he does his best until the final whistle sounds. His seventy-five yard run for a touchdown in the Dover game, his forty-five yard run in the Passaic game and his long end runs in the Belleville game stand out.

Jim Fleming, the All-Western selection of Kansas stands out as the best center ever developed in Clifton as well as the County and State. His superb playing will place him on the All-State team as it did out West. He accounted for about 50% of Clifton's defense, and his height and strength showed up well. He is also a quiet fellow and his friendliness and cheerfulness on the team make him well-liked by his teammates and opponents.

George Hughes, our outstanding punter was in his prime this season and his punts were very long. His fight and grit scared many an opponent and besides being the high scorer of the team he gained lots of ground. His ability to dropkick also helped the team after Mistove left.

John Surgent, our fleet-footed end deserves a lot of credit for his ability to catch forwards. His speed enabled him to score two touchdowns for Clifton, one against Dover, the other against Union Hill.

"Vet" Mistove, our brainy quarterback who left school was also an outstanding player. His unselfishness made him a well-liked player. His loss is greatly missed as he could diagnose plays to perfection.

The Clifton Football Team had a successful season, defeating the strong teams of the state and losing to the others. The team defeated Dover 19-0, Eastside 6-0 and Belleville 14-7 and lost close games to Central, Battin and Union Hill. The record:

|               |    |         |    |            |    |         |    |
|---------------|----|---------|----|------------|----|---------|----|
| West New York | 20 | Clifton | 0  | Central    | 6  | Clifton | 0  |
| Dover         | 0  | Clifton | 19 | Passaic    | 24 | Clifton | 0  |
| Eastside      | 0  | Clifton | 6  | Battin     | 14 | Clifton | 7  |
| Union Hill    | 12 | Clifton | 6  | Belleville | 7  | Clifton | 14 |

The members of the first team: Surgent, left end; Birkland, left tackle; Kaster, left guard; Fleming, center, Kansas Star; Lazorchak, right guard; Riccobono, right tackle; Schmidt, right end; Mistove, quarterback; Hughes, fullback; Seader, left half-back; Vavaro, right half-back.

The rest of the squad: De Lotto, Grimes, Koch, Seibert, Wolstenholme, Feriuzza, Hudson, Deserhagen, Faillace, Kressinger, Lischak.



### WEST NEW YORK 20—CLIFTON 0

In its first football game the charges of Mr. Donnelly and Mr. Claxton met defeat 20-0. The team was handicapped because "Turk" Birkland, star linesman, and "Vet" Mistove, our quarterback, were ineligible. This game served to stimulate in our men the spirit that victory is better than defeat; and they came home a happy group of players determined to do better.

### DOVER 0—CLIFTON 19

This was the first game played on the gridiron mapped out in front of the school a few days before. Judging from the skill of the Dover players in handling the ball, many believed that the game would be won by a close margin. Our boys, however, through energetic practice, had already corrected the mistakes of the previous game and improved their play considerably. "Skunk" Hughes scored the first touchdown after a thirty yard run. The Doverites were given little chance to gain anything as they had their hands full trying to keep a strong defensive front. A forward pass from Mistove to Captain Seader resulted in a gain of sixty yards. In the final play Surgent neatly caught a forward and ran ten yards for a touchdown. During the game, two Dover players were hurt. It might also be mentioned that this game was a financial success.

### EASTSIDE, PATERSON 0—CLIFTON 6

This being our first league game the squad was put through another week of strenuous practice, and with a bag full of tricks our boys won the first league game 6-0. Our team showed up well against a heavier team and after five minutes of play, "Skunk" Hughes crossed the goal line with the winning touchdown.

### UNION HILL 12—CLIFTON 6

Having won two straight, our squad was destined to carry Union Hill's scalp but our boys played listlessly until the last quarter when Surgent, our All-State End, caught a long forward and raced twenty yards for our touchdown.

### CENTRAL 6—CLIFTON 0

Enthused by their first league victory over Eastside our football team was determined to advance another notch by defeating Central but because of a light drizzle the ball fell out of our star's hand and was scooped up by a Central man who raced for a touchdown. This was a heart-breaking defeat due to our superiority in the early frays of the game. We threatened to score at least three times but lacked the final strength to score. The game was won by Central in the last thirty seconds which goes to show how our team felt after battling hard during the game.



### PASSAIC 24—CLIFTON 0

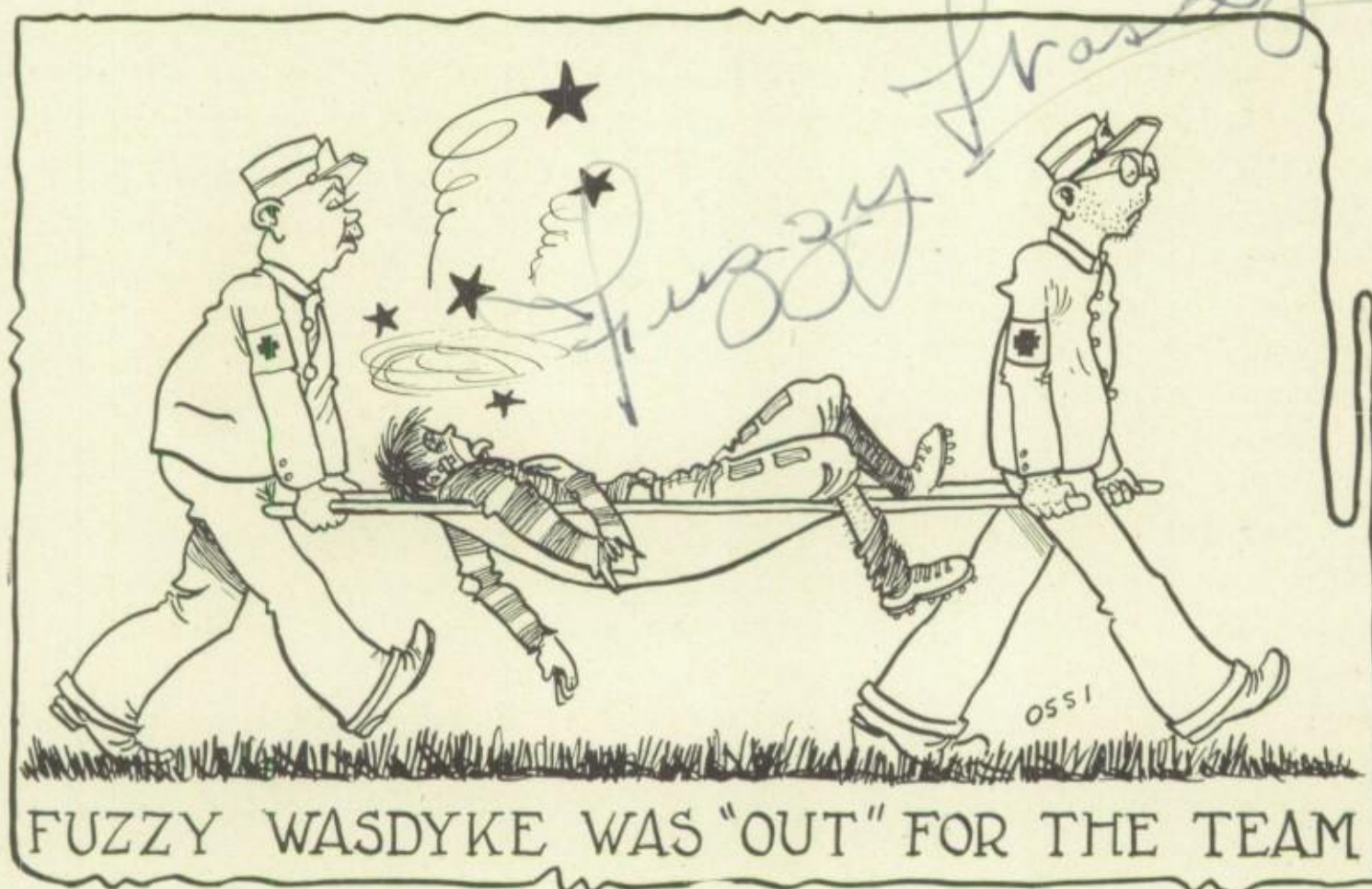
With an immense gathering of rooters, our team traveled to the Passaic Stadium where we lost a hard fought game 24-0. The score typifies a rather loose game, but Passaic was on the go from beginning to end, and didn't take any chance of letting us score against them. Captain Sam Seader's forty-five yard run, featured during the first half. A large snake-dance composed of Clifton rooters with musical instruments paraded the field with a coffin for the Passaic Team, keeping the stands in a continuous uproar.

### BATTIN, ELIZABETH 14—CLIFTON 7

Our team lost a heart-breaking game to Battin 14-7. The kicking of Hughes was outstanding as was the line plunging of Captain Seader. De Lotto showed up well in place of Mistove, who has left school.

### CLIFTON 14—BELLEVILLE 7

Clifton High School's football team closed its season by soundly trouncing the highly lauded Belleville eleven, State Title aspirants, in the annual Thanksgiving game.





### *The Pep Meetings*

**R**IP, Rip, Rip!—Rap, Rap, Rap!—Team, Team! Where are those cheers coming from? Why, from the pep meetings in the auditorium. What is the purpose of those meetings? Their purpose is to acquaint the students with the new cheers and instill them with a desire to attend all the games.

These meetings are held the day before the game, thus helping to encourage our athletes. At the conclusion of each meeting Mr. Nutt usually gives a short talk concerning the progress of the team. If you have never attended one of these meetings, do come to the next one.

ADELAIDE RAMESDORFER.

### BASKETBALL GAME: SENIOR GIRLS VS. FACULTY

**U**NKNOWN to the majority of the student body, the faculty have been enjoying the benefits and fun derived from basketball. On October 31 the teachers played a team made up of senior girls. The game proved to be fast and interesting. The score was close; first one side leading and then the other until they ran up a score of: Teachers 13—Seniors 10.

The forwards were Miss I. Smith and Miss Merry. The centers, Miss C. Smith and Miss Rennison. The guards Miss Schuster and Miss Clarkson. There are also some other teachers who play a peppy game but who were absent that day. The highlights among the absentees are Miss Geraldine Smith, center; Miss Doris Connolly, center; Miss Sachs, guard; Miss Hoffman, guard, and Mrs. C. Gardner, guard.

The seniors who played were Edith Grenfell, Kitty Dietz, Maude Kendall, Lillian Murphy and Anna Van Leeuwen. Dot Lennon, due to the fact that she was unable to play because of a twisted ankle, refereed the game.

LEONIE HEIMANN '29.

### *Sung to the Tune of "Jingle Bells"*

Whooper up! Whooper up!  
Whooper up some more!  
It's Clifton High School's football team  
That we are rooting for.  
We've got the stuff,  
We're not the bluff,  
Our pep has come to stay,  
Here we go, we're not slow  
We're going to win today.

V. L.



*In the Girls' Gym*

Chatter, chatter here and there,  
Chatter, chatter everywhere!  
Groans and shrieks are in the line;  
Half the girls are not in time.

Yes, it's awful to dress for gym  
Oh! yes, boys, laugh, laugh and grin  
When you see us on the run,  
You just think it's lots of fun.

"Where's my middy? Who's got a pin?"  
That's not all, not half the din!  
Well, you know girls will be girls.  
Oh my! some one broke her pearls.

"Oh! my dear, do I look all right?  
After gym I'm always a fright."  
One minute for the bell to ring  
Shoes not tied, the laces go "bing"!

The warning bell, the next one, too;  
"Oh dear me, I can't tie this shoe."  
A mad dash for the third floor  
The last bell rings when by the door!

EVA LEBERECHE 2-1.

*Thoughts of a Football*

Oh! dear, I'm glad the winter's past,  
And spring is here again!  
For ever since September  
I've known a lot of pain.  
Up, up and down the muddy ground  
How often have I rolled  
And seemed to hear at every bound,  
"Hurrah! a goal, a goal!"

I cannot understand at all  
What meant that noisy shout,  
Nor why a handsome leather ball  
Should be so kicked about.  
I went wherever I was told  
Across the grassy plain,  
And when to one far end I'd rolled,  
They kicked me back again.

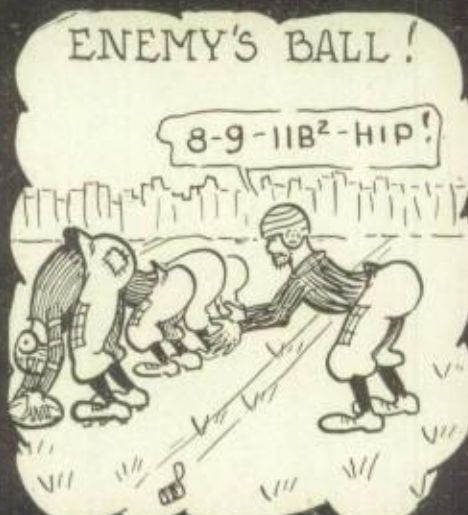
It really is a certain fact,  
Whatever you may say,  
That boys, I know, will sometimes act  
In quite a funny way.  
And so I'm glad the winter's over  
And spring is here again,  
For ever since September  
I've known a lot of pain.

LODA BRUNDAGE, June '30.



# THE FOOTBALL HERO

SCORE: CLIFTON 0 ; OPPONENTS 3  
1 MINUTE TO PLAY —







G

HERB SCHEFFEL

GREETINGS FROM THE  
ALUMNI ASSOCIATION



*Alumni Excerpts*

OUR September meeting proved a happy reunion. Mr. Nutt, who was present at the meeting, addressed the members and extended his best wishes for a successful year.

At this meeting we decided to present "The Goose Hangs High". Tryouts were held and the cast selected. Mr. Charles Hilton was appointed to coach the play.

At the October meeting the play committee was selected:

Mr. Joseph Fox, *Chairman*

|                       |                        |
|-----------------------|------------------------|
| Miss Erna Gemeinhardt | Mr. John Mikulik       |
| Miss Frieda Hilbert   | Mr. Robert Train       |
| Miss Helen Richter    | Mr. Paul Erber         |
| Miss Ceyl McNamara    | Mr. Ernest Tomai       |
| Miss Lilah Robinson   | Mr. Alexander Redchuck |

At the October meeting the play committee was selected: Mr. Joseph Fox, Chairman, Misses Erna Gemeinhardt, Frieda Hilbert, Helen Richter, Ceyl McNamara, Lilah Robinson, Messrs. John Mikulik, Robert Train, Paul Erber, Ernest Tomai, Alexander Redchuck.

At this meeting we elected our officers for the coming year. The results were as follows:

*President*—Mr. Arthur Hardt  
*Vice President*—Mr. John Mikulik  
*Secretary*—Miss Lydia M. Brunt  
*Treasurer*—Mr. Paul Erber

Our play was the big November event. Due to the splendid coaching of Miss Vorrath and Mr. Hilton, and the very fine acting of the cast, we declared the play a big success.

Mr. Hardt appointed a new "Good and Welfare" committee as follows: Mr. John Mikulik, Chairman; Misses Freida Hilbert, Elsie Marshall, Alma Tomai, Messrs. Geo. Kulik, August Lykles.

We held one meeting in the dressmaking room. Two of our number made new dresses while the others discussed pros and cons of a basketball team.



The Alumni Association takes this opportunity to congratulate the members of the graduating classes of 1929. It is our earnest hope that you will become one of us at the February meeting.

The Association is planning a busy season, and we are depending upon your help and co-operation. Will you become a member? We hope your answer is "Yes" and we extend a most sincere welcome.

THE ALUMNI, L. M. B. (Sec.)

Herbert Uhlig, a former Clifton High School student has secured high honors at Brown University. The High School is proud of the wonderful record Mr. Uhlig has made, and wishes him continued success in his work.

George Barna, the former Clifton High School football star, and the Captain of the 1928 Hobart football team, has received a position on the second All-American football team of the New York Sun. In being placed on the All-American team, Mr. Barna has received an honor that is given to few, and one that he has earned by his fine playing.

From the Class of June 1928:

At Montclair State Teachers' College: Dorothy Smith, Ruth Hornby, Mary Petruska, Mary Looss, Ceyl McNamara, Adeline Mair, Betty Vogler, Anna Grazioso, Mabel Hanson, Anna Breeman, Mildred Levine, May Cluff, Howard Kelly.

At New York University: Edwin Boyle.

At St. Joseph's Hospital: Dorothy McAleer.

At Passaic General Hospital: Emily De Mattia.

At Paterson Normal School: Evelyn Erler, Hildur Swanstrom, Marie Jorlett, Marie Smith.

At Business: Grace Atkins, August Fersch, Helen Morkish, Erna Gemeinhardt, Margaret Sturm.



## REFLECTIONS

Teacher (annoyed by boy who chews upon his pencil): "Wouldn't you rather eat your pencil with salt, to make it more appetizing?"

\* \* \*

Miss Merrey (English Class): Razen, is this sentence correct? "On a slight rise of ground stood Napoleon feet apart, head thrust forward, hands clasped behind him."

Razen: No, his name was Napoleon Bonapart.

\* \* \*

## MISUNDERSTOOD

Miss McFaren (Home Hygiene class): "What kinds of aches are there?"

Voice from the rear: "Good eggs and bad eggs."

\* \* \*

Mr. Collester: "Then the Queen Bee decides to get married."

Student: "Where does she go then?"

Mr. Collester: "Oh, probably to Montreal or Niagara Falls."

\* \* \*

Soph.: Do you know that freshy over there?

Freshy: Yea, I sleep next to him in General Science.

\* \* \*

Mr. Rosenfeld: Didn't I tell you to notice when the glue boiled over?

Ernie: I did. It was quarter past ten.

Teacher: Use the word embrace in a sentence.

John: May I embrace you?

Teacher: I want to see you after school.

\* \* \*

Sub: Fleming fell into a stupor after the game.

Turk: Somebody's always leaving the lid off the stupor.





Sunny: I'm proud to have been born in Clifton.

Bob: What part?

Sunny: All of me.

\* \* \*

Mr. Collester: Miss Grieves, you name five substances in which carbohydrates are found.

Miss Grieves: Grapes, honey,—that's all I know.

Mr. Collester: Oh, sugar.

\* \* \*

Mr. Collester: What is Bacteria?

Miller: Bacteria is the rear entrance to a cafeteria.

\* \* \*

Miss Smith (at the board): Is my figure all right?

Mr. Collester: Er, er, yes, certainly.

\* \* \*

Miss Mayberry: Explain the process of refining cane sugar.

Revack: The sugar is brought to the refiners where the cane is crushed and pulverized until the sugar becomes distracted.

\* \* \*

Miss Merry: What is a tinder box? (Silas Marner)

Bordner: A cigarette lighter.

\* \* \*

Miss Richter: The score is three-three.

Miss Kievit: In whose favor?



## RATTLE BRAIN

Teacher: Will you please answer my question?

Student: I did, nodded my head.

Teacher: Well, you don't expect me to hear it rattle way up here, do you?

\* \* \*

Student: Will you criticize my drawing of this banana?

Mrs. Grammer: It's very good. Where's the banana?

Student: Oh, we just ate it!



Miss Hoffmeister (on first day of term): Now let's see how many of us are here.

Miss Klein: I think all of us are here.

\* \* \*

Miss Smith: Don't forget that it was soft coal he fell on.

Rubenstein: It's lucky for him it wasn't hard.

\* \* \*

Miss Veteel (in French, translating): He took a plum and wrote.

\* \* \*

Civics teacher (reading names of cabinet members): "Coolidge is President, Kellogg is Secretary of State—"

Bright Student: "What state?"

\* \* \*

Freshman: "When I say, 'I am handsome,' what tense am I speaking in?"

Senior: "Past tense."

\* \* \*

Miss Spinella: Who was the young lady that translated this lesson?

Mr. Goodman (absentmindedly): I did!

\* \* \*

Miss Merrey (during spelling lesson): Do you ever have trouble with "bicycle"?

Student: Yes; trying to ride it.

\* \* \*

Miss Spinella to student chewing gum: "James, in the basket."

Teacher: John, what do you know about the Caucasian Race?

John: I wasn't there, I went to the football game.





*My Studies*

In English I do fairly well,  
I might improve, but who can tell?  
Oh! second period I have Gym;  
We need exercise to keep us trim.  
In German—ah! I was exempt  
Which proves that studying is worth the attempt.  
Then comes Latin—it makes me sore  
When I think of taking it three years more!  
Next comes lunch, we all have fun  
Listening to news from everyone.  
Fifth period study, that's the best  
It gives me a chance for a little rest.  
And then Biology, it's not my hobby  
To take apart an animal's body  
Last comes Algebra in which I'm not wise  
But don't you worry, I'll spring a surprise.

BLANCHE BURCH '32.

*In Our School We Have—*

|                         |                            |
|-------------------------|----------------------------|
| Nichols but no Dimes.   | A Merrey but no Sad.       |
| Grammar but no English. | A Baker but no Butcher.    |
| A Hill but no Mountain. | A Brown but no Black.      |
| A Nutt but no Bolt.     | A Firman but no Policeman. |
| Beams but no Nails.     | A Smith but no Carpenter.  |
| A Lane but no Path.     | A Richard but no Almanac.  |

FRED FLORIAN.

*Sayings of a Seer*

Be ye "Merrey" and cheerful.  
Be ye not "Morse" and sour.  
Be ye the soul of thrift—save your "Nichols".  
Be ye wise—gather the "Nutt" in due season.  
Wear ye not a "Dowd" face.  
Ye must bear defeat without "Howells" of protest.  
Ye must remember that "Morrel" is a builder of character.  
Be ye as a "Gardener"—plant seed that will bear good fruit.

VERNON GROUNDS '32.



*Copy of a Letter Written by Joe Dodge, Freshman,  
to His Friend, Allan Hamilton.*

Clifton High School, February 28, 1925.

Dear Al:

Well, I'm writing to tell you what I think of High School. It's all right, being a student, but it's worse, being a Freshman. When I entered school, everything went along smoothly. I selected my course and subjects, and settled down to work. I didn't have any trouble and I looked down on the world as a bird does from a high tree. However, a bird hasn't a Senior to fear, but I have.

From the minute I settled down to work, the Senior settled down to work upon me. Why, it's torture. You can't move, without having a Senior upon your neck. It's "Freshie, do this" and "Freshie, do that."

When I get to be a Senior, I'll not begrudge my fellow students the privilege of life, liberty and pursuit of happiness.

Your suffering and hopeful friend,

JOE.

*Copy of a Letter Written by Joe Dodge, Senior,  
to His Friend, Allan Hamilton.*

Clifton High School, February 28, 1928.

Dear Al:

I haven't written to you in a dog's (or teacher's) age; so here goes:

Well, I've completed three years of High School and I'm now a Senior (spelt with a capital letter). I certainly get a thrill out of High School, but the biggest is, acting like a Senior. A Senior's chief duty is studying rare animals. And, the rarest of these is a thing known as the Freshman. I don't know where the *man* part of Freshman comes in. But, *fresh*, why, they make a newly-laid egg feel like a Civil War veteran.

These things (the freshman, not the egg) must be shown how to behave and to bow to their superiors. And, it is up to us Seniors to perform this noble, manly, and beneficent work.

They must be taught to walk with humble manners and bent heads; to talk with shrinking and faltering voice; and, to obey the commands of their superiors, the Seniors. I shall give the best year of my life to diagnosing this worm. Where there must be a Senior there must be a Freshman, and, "Ne'er the twain shall meet."

Yours,

JOE DODGE.



*Foreign Lands*

(With apologies to R. L. Stevenson)

*A Freshman's First Day in Clifton High*

Up into the Clifton High  
Who should go but little I?  
I held my books with both my hands  
And looked abroad on foreign lands.

I saw the auditorium wide  
In which the principal did preside  
And many other places more  
That I had never seen before.

I saw the other pupils pass  
Their way they knew, not I, alas  
Those awful stairs go up and down  
To guess them right brings sure renown.

If I could find a way to go  
To study hall or gym I know  
If I could find the Latin room  
I would not feel I'd met my doom.

The great front doors now open wide  
With great relief I rush outside  
The day is done but many more  
Must pass before I am a Sophomore.

JOHN ZACHARIAS '32.

*Nonsense*

Take a book home,  
Don't study,  
Come to school,  
Not ready.

Chew in classes,  
Get caught,  
Teacher gives you  
A big naught.

Tarry in halls,  
Come in late,  
And after school,  
Urgent date!

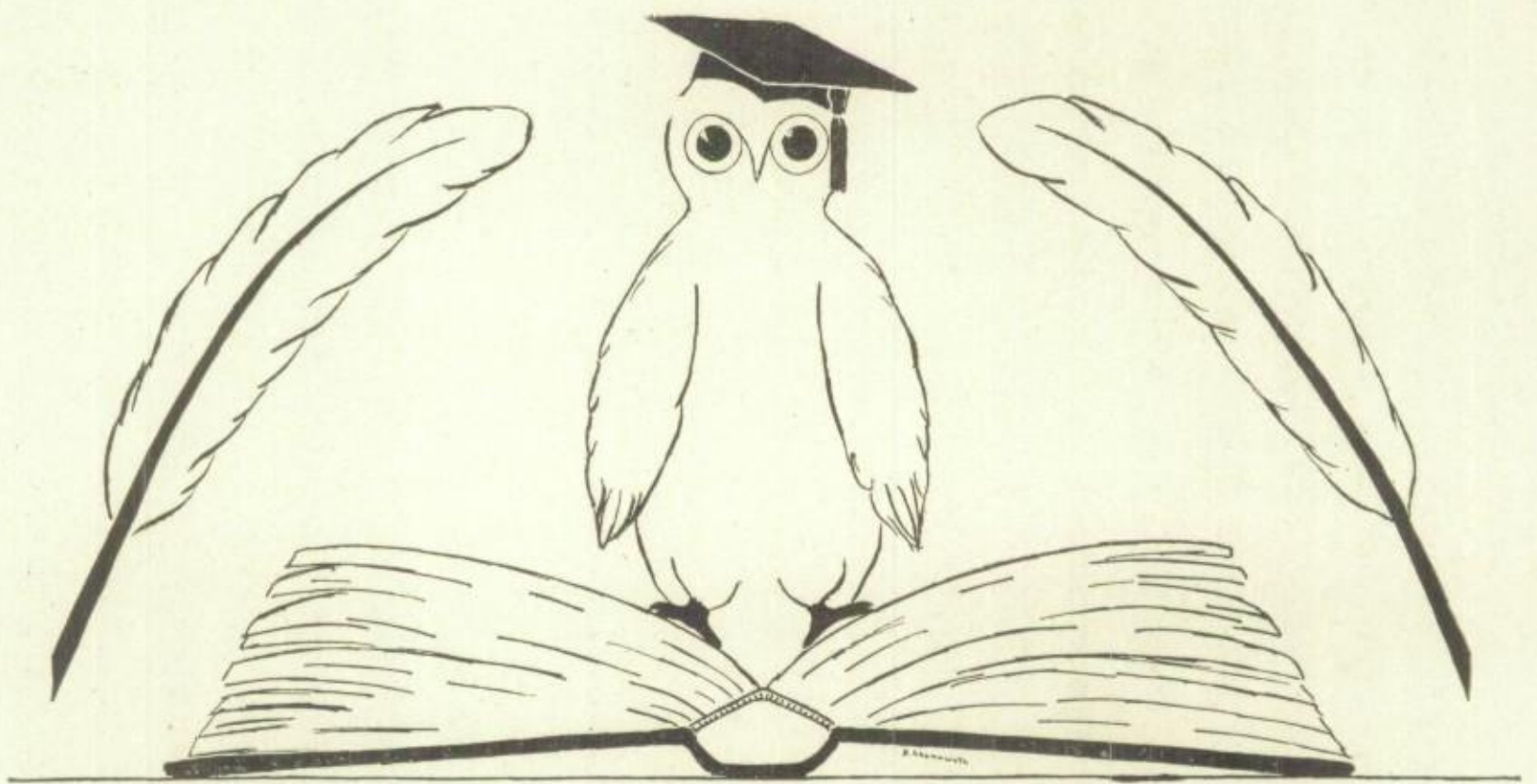
Your big locker,  
What's in there?  
Coat, books, gym shoes,  
More room—rare.

The Senior Play,  
Whata wow!  
Actors, sponsors,  
They know how.

YANOWICZ '29.



# **SENIOR SECTION**





## *History of 4-2 Class*

MONDAY—NOVEMBER 14

**HISTORY TEACHER:** (glancing at the record book of the 4-2 class)—“Mr. Gies, kindly state the prehistoric facts of the Cultural High Society, more commonly known as Clifton High School.”

**Gies:** “Before their organization, they were simply called the Freshmen of Clifton High School. At that time, February 1925, their total membership, although not actually organized, included about one hundred forty-six.”

**History teacher (astounded):** “You *must* have studied today! You’re improving! Now Mr. Luques, you like discussions. What can you say about the present membership and welfare of this society?”

**Luques:** “Eh—Miss Hoffmeister, do you mean about the increase or decrease of members?”

**Miss Hoffmeister:** “Yes, that’s exactly what I mean.”

**Lucques:** “Well, sad to relate, there has been a decrease in membership—in fact, there remains only about one-quarter of the original number. However, it’s still functioning—strong—making up for its lost members, many of whom did not realize until too late, the real and incalculable value of a high school education.”

**Miss Hoffmeister:** “Fine, but you have left out an important item. Miss Weiner, can you name some activities?”

**Miss Weiner:** “Officially organized after two years of existence, a Hallowe’en Dance was successfully staged on October 28. Most of the time was spent in studying.”

**Miss Hoffmeister:** “All right! Now we’ll hear about the essentials from Miss McIntosh.”

**Miss McIntosh:** “The society—”

**Miss Hoffmeister:** “A little louder, please, Miss McIntosh.”

**Miss McIntosh:** “The society chose for its motto, “No victory without labor,” which has since been illustrated very profoundly. The flower is the sweet pea, and the colors green and white.”

**Miss Hoffmeister:** “The class has done very well today and may now have a study period!”

### *Next Day*

**Mrs. Grammar:** “I’m teaching today because Miss Hoffmeister is purchasing the class rings. Mr. Reilly, tell us about the events during the fourth year of C. H. S.’ existence. I see you’re very anxious to recite!”



Mr. Reilly (blushing): "There was a Farewell Dance to the Seniors on April 27, which was a success, socially. Also, a cake sale was held on March 22 which aided the society financially. Caps and pennants were sold during the term—to a lesser degree of success!"

Mrs. Grammar (looking doubtfully at De Vido): "I hope you have studied today? (His grieved protest stirred her.) All right Mr. De Vido, you tell us about the play which the society had decided to give."

De Vido: "As you all know, the C. H. S. intends to stage a most wonderful production, which, be it to your education and 'inward scope of comprehension' to visualize, was a most marked and excellent success on Broadway, and indeed in the uttermost parts of this continent."

Mrs. Grammar (with a broad smile): "Very well told. Now, Mr. Dall'Ava, do you find any further activities to aid financial conditions?"

Dall'Ava (with his quaint drawl): "They decided to sell Christmas cards and are making out fairly well—so I've heard."

Mrs. Grammar: "Miss Stevens, how about the sale of tickets?"

Miss Stevens: "Oh—eh—er—sale of tickets did you say? I've heard they're selling fine and it is the hope of every one that the house will be full. And—have you heard the news?—C. H. S. is going to Washington!!"

*Next Day After*

Miss Hoffmeister: "Class, didn't that C. H. S. Play come off wonderfully well last week?"

Class: "Oh yes! Never better: I'll say!"

*Next Week*

Mrs. Grammar: "Say, I just heard that the Washington trip was wonderful—and thoroughly enjoyed by all who went."

VIRGINIA HAGEMAN, *Class Historian.*

*Class Prophecy for Class of February 1929*

AS the train rolled swiftly on, I took my watch from my pocket and glanced at it. In five more minutes I should be at my destination, Clifton, the place of my old High School days. This was the tenth year of my absence and coming back now sent a feeling of eager anticipation through me.

Approaching the station, I noticed that all the old scenes of my school days had changed: New buildings had sprung up and it didn't seem like home to me any more.



At last! The train stopped and I was being jostled towards the rear of my car by many other people, all in a hurry to get off the train. Finally I got to the end of the car and stepped down onto the station platform. Porters were running here and there, people moving in all directions, between baggage and trucks galore, and all the other things connected with station environment.

I passed on, wonderingly, through the beautiful new station, marveling at its wonderful architecture. Now, as I approached the exit, new sounds reached my ears. The hum of autos, airplanes and other traffic noises; the frantic taxi drivers yelling for passengers.

Finally I decided to take a taxi to the home of one of my old friends who was going to tell me all of the latest news of the city.

As I approached one of the taxi drivers, I recognized "Bobby" Levine, who flung the door wide open for me. But as I took a second glance at "Bobby" I saw he was very well attired and I began to wonder. When I introduced myself, he knew me at once. He told me he was the manager of the City Taxi Co. and was doing a lot of business. Three cheers for Bobby! He offered to show me the sights and we were soon speeding through a great metropolis.

"Now," said Bobby, "I suppose you're wondering about some of the other classmates. Well, you remember Bednarz; he is a very prominent business man and is awarding a scholarship to the bright business students in Clifton.

"As for Dall'Ave, after ten years of hard study and meditation, he has become a reader of Shakespearian plays and is planning to thrill his next audience with an impersonation of Shylock.

"And De Vido is one of Hollywood's foremost actors. He has just finished a gang picture derived from the life he had with the B. B. I's.

"Tommy Fedor is appearing on Broadway as one of the leading jazz kings. He has his own orchestra called, 'Fedor's Furious Furors'.

"Our old friend Ben Goldberg is a song publisher and has written a great many notable pieces.

"Curt Grob is the leading architect of the eastern section of the United States. He is a master draughtsman.

"Noisy Geis is running a brand new dancing revue in which he demonstrates the latest dance steps to perfection.

"Dave Kerchesky has finally settled down and has become a model husband. He also runs a great chain of shoe stores throughout the Atlantic coast.

"Chuck Kaeffer has written a book upon 'The Chewing Gum Method of Concentration'. We don't know whether it's a success or not.

"Stewie Luques, because of his scientific bent, has made a fortune in the discovery of the 'Missing Element'.



"Menegus is another one of our popular song writers. He publishes under the title of 'Fits and Spasms'.

"Our old friend, Eddie Rubsamen, is a very successful counsellor-at-law.

"Thomas Reilly, because of his backing of the Democratic party in such a spirited way, has been given the position as Campaign Manager for 1940. He is a Doctor of Medicine, too, practicing the 'Kill or Cure' method.

"Billy Jackson, through his experience as property manager of our play in 1928, has become a very enthusiastic collector of antiques.

"Ken Steele undecided as to whether he should become a second John Barrymore, or Caruso, or both, made his debut last evening as bass soloist of the Metropolitan Opera Company.

"Jake Kulick has become so attached to dramatics through his experience in the Senior Play that he has followed it up and now owns his own theatre.

"Rose, a new comer to our class in 1928, has become treasurer of the largest Clifton bank.

"Lee has come in great prominence as a radio announcer.

"And there is the office of Clifton's own dentist, Johanna Cornelisse, who has been very successful, because of her 'pull'.

"And Laura Klein is kept busy with her work in the Salvation Army.

"Oh, and another piece of news! Rose Lipowitz received a scholarship from Mr. Bednarz because of her speed in typing.

"And you remember that tiny girl, Doris Edwards, well, she's written a book on 'Woman Is Not to Be Measured by Inches'.

"For the sake of some poor unfortunate who can't seem to gain that certain popularity plus, Lorraine Garratt has written a book divulging her method of swaying the strong but susceptible sex.

"Esther Zaentz has been rather busy lately trying to discover the values of getting up early.

"Dorothy Walton has at last achieved her desire to become a successful chorus girl.

"Do you remember that conscientious girl, Virginia Hageman? She certainly deserves the success which she has attained as the President of the 'Women's Foreign Missionary Society'.



"That elaborately dressed show window on the corner is that of Lillian Schyling's Beauty Salon, which she has recently opened.

"Hortense Stevens has become a prominent artist. She has successfully decorated the interior of Clifton's foremost homes.

"And our reliable girl, Bessie Kosloff, is now one of Clifton's popular school teachers.

"You have no doubt heard that Theresa Wurst is private secretary to Col. Lindbergh.

"Mathilda Sacco has finally succeeded in having people look up to her—now that she is teaching Kindergarten.

"Marjorie Iles has recently opened Iles' 'Isle of Fashion', an exclusive dress shop.

"Our Clifton girls certainly shine in athletics, now that Eunice Birkland is teaching them all the latest stunts.

"And we have a new head in our English Department—Marie Palatini.

Last evening Ada Johnson gave a lecture on a new method of putting up hair without any 'bobby pins'.—She speaks from experience.

"Elsie Hoffman is considered one of the peppiest cheer leaders of the college she is now attending.

"Another popular ballet dancer is our own Marion Cooke.

"Sadie Okonowsky has made final preparations for a piano concert at which she will make her debut.

"Because of her love for Spanish, Sylvia Slavin has left for Spain to continue her studies in the language.

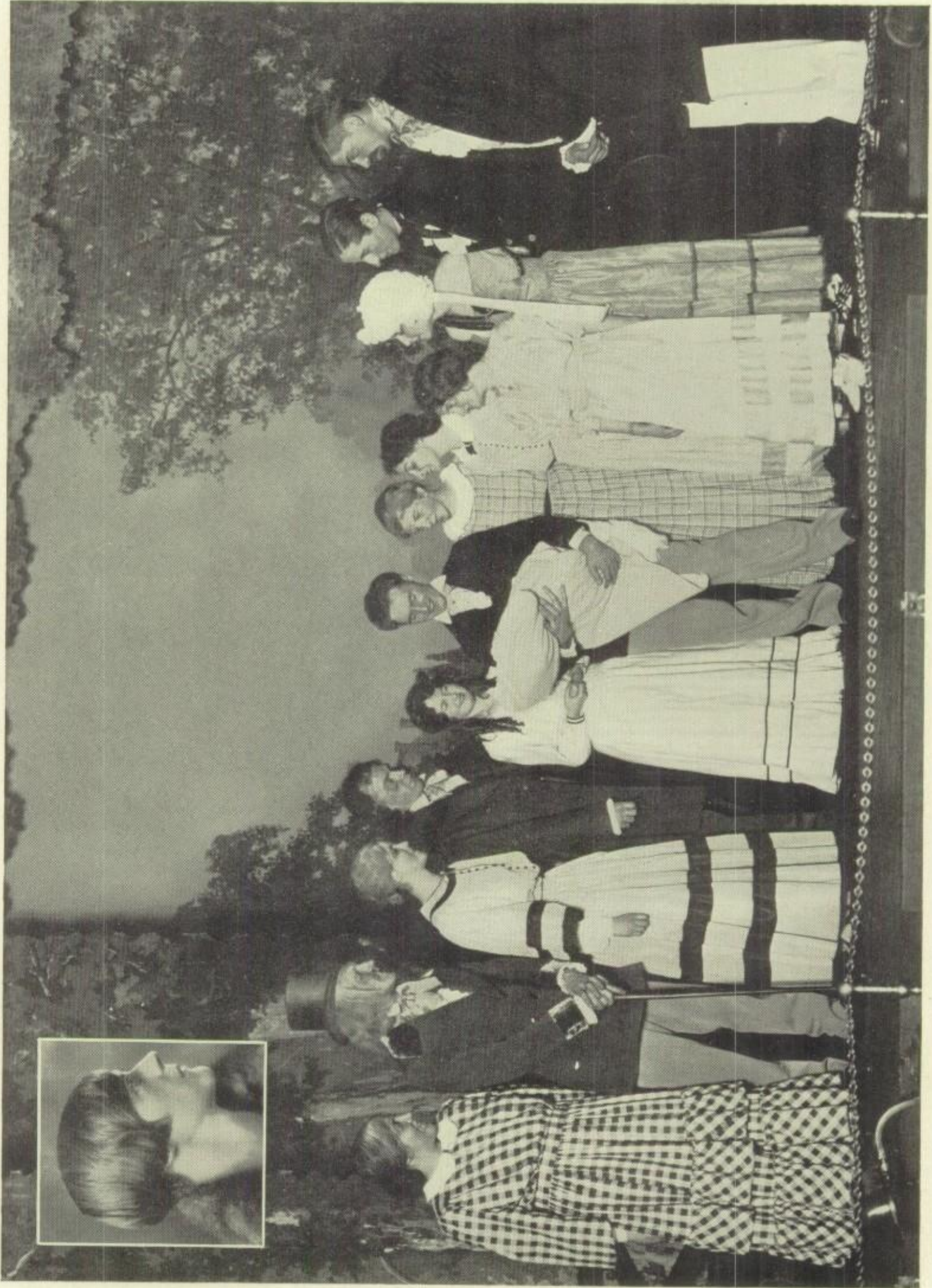
"Sophia Talipsky is taking a special course in portrait painting.

"Helen Okonowsky is now principal of one of the finest high schools of our state.

"And another school teacher, Evelyn McIntosh, has attained success through the use of these slogans which she uses in her class: 'Children should be seen and not heard', and 'Speak when spoken to'."

BRUNO DALL'AVA,  
EVELYN MCINTOSH,  
HELEN OKONOWSKY,  
KENNETH STEELE.





SENIOR PLAY



## *The Senior Play*

LITTLE WOMEN," as presented by the Senior Class, was brilliantly successful. "Joe", the principal character, was played by Hortense Stevens, who as the family tomboy, brought shouts of laughter from the audience with her boyish speech and actions and her pranks as an amateur play writer and actress. Her devotion to Beth and her grief at the thought of losing her beloved little sister were done so naturally that it was hard to realize that we were just watching a play.

"Beth's" part was played by Marion Cook who did a difficult piece of acting in a truly artistic manner.

"Kenneth Steele, possessed of a musical and sympathetic voice, and with a fine understanding of situations, made an adorable "Laurie".

Dorothy Walton as "Meg" and Stewart Luques as "John Brook" made a charming pair of lovers. Stewart was especially good as the proud young father of twins.

"Amy's" penchant for big words and her ambition to go to Rome and become a great artist were pleasingly done by Doris Edwards.

"Prof Bhear's" awkward but very sincere wooing of "Jo" was convincingly accomplished by Bruno Dall'Ava.

Evelyn McIntosh made a sweet and motherly "Marmee" ably supported by Thomas Reilly as "Mr. March".

The elderly, dignified neighbor, "Mr. Laurence" was well done by Aubrey Geis, who seemed to take readily to long, gray hair and a cane.

Maria Palatini, as "Hannah" the maid, lent a note of humor and Johanna Cornelisse as "Aunt March" entertained her audience with her fits of contrariness.

The costumes, too, deserve comment. The boys wore the fitted trousers and long coats of the period, with ruffled shirts, stocks, beaver hats and all. The girls were sweetly quaint in long, billowing skirts, and waists with undersleeves. Some of the dresses were genuine old gowns of the 1860's while others were correct reproductions. The skating costume worn by Doris Edwards in the third act was the cause of hearty applause and much favorable comment.

Jacob Kulik, Richard Van Hine and William Jackson deserve much credit for their assistance and Raymond Kievit as electrician merits the highest commendation. The special music furnished by our orchestra helped to round out the performance to an artistic completeness.

In short, the performance did great credit to the successful coaching of Miss Kerwin.



### *The Class Will*

WE the Class of February 1929, being in sound disposing mind and memory and considering the youthfulness of the Class of June 1929, do make and declare this to be our Last Will and Testament, as follows:

*First.* After discharging all of our duties to our school and school-mates, we do give and bequeath

Our mature years and discretion, our broad understanding of and sympathy for human weakness, and our agreeable, sound and democratic spirit.

To the entire class of June 1929 to have and to hold, to cherish and to appreciate.

*Second.* To the June Class of 1929, we desire to give special bequests to its individuals who, we hope, will accept them in the true spirit of the occasion.

Thomas Reilly, because he is very big hearted and wishes success to all those he will soon leave behind, bequeaths to Albin Snadyc, Samuel Karp, and Charles Vander Kraats, his skill to participate in all kinds of discussions.

Stewart Luques leaves his graceful manners and poetic strands of hair to William Fitzgibbon, Lillian Schmidt and Sadie Katz.

Laurine Garratt bequeaths her propensity to act as a vamp to Dorothy Krause, Leonia Heiman and Helen Braun. Better watch your step, boys!

Hortense Stevens bequeaths her unusual dramatic powers to Betty Watts and Julia Finamore. What a Senior Play will be produced next term.

Curt Grob after much deliberation and coaxing has consented at last to bestow his argumentative powers and collegiate stride upon those less fortunately equipped, namely Rea Muth, Ben Delancy and John Van Dillen.

David Kerchesky deems it necessary to leave to Mary Comiskey, Mildred Van Vladricken, Theodore Kulik and Louis Fraulo his shyness and bashfulness. Here's hoping the teachers will have some peace.

Eunice Birkland willingly sacrifices her ability to master cosmetics and the "He's" to Hilda Bender, Mildred Ackerman and Edith Price.

Aubrey Gies generously offers his dulcid voice and his conscientious earnestness to be divided between Andrew Doremus, Stewart Malloy, Helen Vnuk and Cora Ayres.

Dorothy Walton bequeaths her ability to master English to Rose Alessi, Sylvia Reeves, Freddie Shierse, and Caesar Celline. Now they will never have to be afraid of exams.



Robert Levine leaves his self-confidence to John Zemlansky, John Surgent, Jacoba Prins, and Jeanne Heritage. Oh what a debating club they will have!

Johanna Cornelisse generously bequeaths her confectionery chuminess to Edith Ruedebush, Grace Amato, Louis Lefelar and Arthur De Luca.

Al Menegus promises to leave in secret code his methods of vamping a man-hater to Louis Meringoff, Harry Kruyff, and John Miedema.

Doris Edwards leaves her powers over the God of Shrinkage to Patricia Shea, Jimmie Fleming, Myrtle Williamson, and Alfreda Fox. Now we won't see a lot of feet in the isles.

Sadye Okonowsky leaves her angelic smile and thoughtful expression to Joseph Addy, Paul Kreisinger, Anna Tomayko, and Anna Kruger.

Kenneth Steele leaves his Beau Brummel appearance together with his histrionic and cooperating ability to Peter Ossi, Morris Stern, Howard Holden and Raymond Kievit.

Evelyn McIntosh leaves her low musical voice and her quiet beauty to Kitty Deitz, Evelyn Thorpe, Maude Kendall and Edith Grenfell. No trouble in selecting a mother-part for next senior play.

Bennie Goldberg willingly leaves to Carl Froehlich, Ernest Wolstenholme, Virginia McAleer and Elise Tschuden his ability to squeeze all treasures to an unbelievable extent. Our class believes in economy.

Bessie Kozloff bequeaths her love of Normal School English to Helen Stewart, Emma Parana, Edward Revak and William Heimstra.

Marie Palatini leaves her cleverness in superior wisdom to Loretta Brunt, Helen Wetzell, Felix Yanowicz and David Muth.

Fred De Vido leaves his extensive vocabulary and mania for answering questions to James Reade, Howard Hudson, Marie Barsar and Anna Van Leeuwen. The coming 4-2's will be quite able to conduct the "Question box" in the Clifton Times.

Marian Cooke leaves her musical talent and a roll of flypaper to Myrtle Miller, Sam Karp, Aldo Sala and Sam Seador so they may stick on the honor roll.

Brun Dall'Ava leaves his original ways of expressing himself and his seriousness of manner to Charles Sherman, Robert McCall, Grace Miller and Madeline Schmidt.

Esther Zaentz leaves her poise to Helen Fleisher. What a chorus girl Helen will make.

Theresa Wurst bequeaths to Helen Dudasik her prompting ability. May she be appreciated.

Virginia Hageman leaves her unearthly sweetness and ability for ticket selling to Philip Rubin and George Hollander. What a financial success the next senior play will be.



Albert Bednarz leaves his business ability to John Hogan and George Speronello.

Elsie Hoffman leaves her golden tresses to Eleanor Hull. We hope he? likes blondes.

Edward Rubsamen leaves his publicity ability to Charles Koch. Sponsors have no fears!

Ada Johnson leaves to Maude Kendall her patience as a future school teacher. We feel that Maude will soon be teaching the kindergarten.

Rose Lipowitz leaves Irving Silverstein her auburn tint. Some like them tall, dark and handsome but—others—oh!

Charles Kaeffer leaves his drags with the teachers to Thomas Freedman. How the 4-2's will envy Tommy.

Lillian Schyling leaves her baby blondness to Baldwin Sala. What a hit he'll make.

William Benkendorf is the happy possessor of William Jackson's ability in gathering "props". The coach has already been notified.

Jacob Kulik leaves his unusual vocal powers to Minnie Hackim.

Thomas Fedor leaves his self-esteem to Marie Carlett. What a future!

Sylvia Slavin leaves her natural waves to Agnes Doremus. Agnes will no longer be a friend of her hairdresser.

Hazel Pulis leaves to Lillian Murphy her ability in physical training. Mrs. Stackpole will have good material for her exhibitions next term.

We hereby appoint our esteemed principal, Mr. Walter F. Nutt, to be executor of this our last will and testament in witness whereof we have hereunto subscribed our names and affixed our seals this twenty-seventh day of November in the year one thousand nine hundred and twenty-eight.

#### THE FEBRUARY CLASS OF 1929.

Subscribed by the February Class of 1929. The testator named in the foregoing will in the presence of each of us and at the time of making such subscription the above instrument was declared by the said testator to be the last will and testament, and in the presence of each other, signed our names as witnesses.

DORIS M. EDWARDS,  
DOROTHY D. WALTON,  
ALBERT BEDNARZ,  
FRED DE VIDO.



## THAT WASHINGTON TRIP







THOMAS REILLY

"Tom"

*"Homo maxima ambitionis."*

General Organization '27, Honor Society '27-'28, Class Captain '28, Class President '29, Debating Club '26-'27-'28, President Athletic Association '28, Senior Play, Junior Patrol '28.



FRED DE VIDO

"Divy"

*"That inward scope of comprehension."*

Senior Class Vice-President, Glee Club '28, Biology '26, Physics '27, Basketball '27.



BRUNO DALL 'AVA

"Brownie"

*"Still waters run deep"—and serious.*

Senior Class Secretary, Spanish Club Secretary, Senior Play, Junior Patrol, Biology '26, Basketball.



HORTENSE STEVENS

"Ted"

*"Oh Hamlet, thou hast cleft my heart in twain."*

Senior Class Treasurer, French Club '27-'28, Senior Play, Reflector '27-'28.





ALBERT BEDNARZ

"Al"

*"Thy modesty is a credit to thy merit."*

Glee Club '28, Spanish '28, Physics, Biology, Basketball.



MARION COOKE

"Cookie"

*"First be sure it's light and then go to bed."*

Glee Club '27, Senior Play '28, Basketball '27.



JOHANNA CORNELISSE

"Jo"

*"Perhaps I am occupied an hour and a half, perhaps three hours"—with homework.*

Senior Play, Spanish Club.



DORIS EDWARDS

"Dorie"

*"I'm small and somewhat tame."*

Spanish Club, Senior Play.



BENJAMIN GOLDBERG

"Benny"

*"Do thy little stroke of work."*

Spanish Club '28.



LAURINE GARRATT

"Larry"

*"I don't care a bit about that" (School).*

Glee Club '26.





CURT GROB

*"He softly blushed."*

Baseball '27-'28, Asst. Mgr. Football '27, Manager Football '28, Spanish Club Treasurer, President of G. O., Vice-President Current Events Club, Junior Patrol.



VIRGINIA HAGEMAN

*"Ginger"*

*"With look demure as any saint and not a sign of rouge and paint."*

French Club '27-'28, Class Historian '29.



ELSIE HOFFMAN

*"Johnny"*

*"Ob what a rogue am I."*

Glee Club '28, Spanish Club '28.



NICHOLAS HUDAK

*"Nick"*

*"A man is known by the silence he keeps."*



WILLIAM JACKSON

*"Bill"*

*"There is safety in numbers."*



CHARLES JACQUA

*"Jake"*

*"I cannot recall any form of man who is not superfluous sometimes."*

Camera Club, Senior Play '28.





ADA JOHNSON

*"This humor creates her no enemies."*

General Organization '28.



CHARLES KAEFFER

"Demo"

*"Let us be gay while we may."*

Basketball '27, Personality Leader.



DAVID KERCHESKY

"Dave"

*"There's no mischief in this man."*

Glee Club '28, Physics Club '27, Biology Club '26.



LAURA KLEIN

"Laurie"

*"Prudence is the virtue of the senses."*

Glee Club '25-'26-'27-'28, Personality Leader '27.



BESSIE KOZLOFF

"Bess"

*"Patience is a virtue."*

Glee Club, Spanish Club.



JACOB KULIK

"Jake"

*"Ab! 'Tis the gift of song!"*

Glee Club '26-'27-'28, Biography '26, Current Events Club '27, Basketball '27-'28.





ROSE LIPOWITZ

"Rosie"

*"In quietness doth she excell."*



STEWART LUQUES

"Stewie"

*"An affable and courteous gentleman."*

Senior Play, Vice-President of Class '27, President Spanish Club '28, Orchestra '26-'27-'28.



EVELYN McINTOSH

"Scottie"

*"Innocence and a virgin modesty!"*

Spanish Club '28, Glee Club '28, Honor Society '28, Class Treasurer '27.



ALDO MENEGUS

"Megs"

*"Whoever attracts my attention shall have it."*

Glee Club '28, Physics Club '27, Biology Club '26, French Club '26-'27, Basketball.



HELEN OKONOWSKY

*"I never saw a busier person than she seemed to be."*

Debating Club President '27, Debating Club Vice-President '28.

Biology Club '26, Biography Club '26-'27, Honor Society '27-'28, Glee Club '25-'26-'27-'28, Latin Club '28.



SADIE OKONOWSKY

"Sid"

*"Oh for the life of ease!"*

Biology Club '26, Biography Club '26-'27, Debating Club '27-'28, Glee Club '25-'26-'27-'28.





MARIE PALATINI

"Mary"

*"With a smile that was child like."*

Senior Play, Glee Club, French Club.



HAZEL PULIS

*"The human mind is a great mystery."*



MINNIE REID

"Min"

*"That eternal giggle!"*



JOHN ROSE

"Johnnie"

*"Who so loveth instruction loveth knowledge."*

Debating Club '26, Reflector Staff '28.



EDWARD RUBSAMEN

"Eddie"

*"For crying out loud."*

Manager Class Basketball, Business Manager  
Senior Play.



MATILDA SACCO

"Till"

*"She makes a nice cheery little courtesy and  
looks quite sweet."*





SYLVIA SLAVIN

"Sibb"

*"Society is the stage on which manners  
are shown."*

Glee Club '25, '26, '27.



KENNETH STEELE

"Ken"

*"I have within myself much that pleases me."*

Junior Patrol '28, Senior Play.



FRED VER HAGEN

*"Contain yourself!"*

Spanish Club '27-'28, Senior Play, Basketball '27-'28.



DOROTHY WALTON

"Dot"

*"Slow tolls the village clock the drowsy hour."*



THERESA WURST

*"Theresa's eyes are full of laughter."*



ESTHER ZAENTZ

*"She's constantly on the run,  
And is always full of fun."*

Debating Club '28.





*Commercial 2-2 Class February 1929*

Eleanor Brill

Mary Gertrude Conroy

Joseph Donnelly

Hildegard Erler

Melva Anna Herinya

Walter Mihalik

Gertrude Peter

Welma Prestis

Andrew Roskos

Gertrude Schuetze

Gertrude Weber

Margaret Woodier

Evelyn Zanetti

Nellie Tymkevich





G. M. Smith

Albert Granberg

Wm. G. Smith

Raymond Brooks

Margaret E. Clarkson

Virginia M. Duran

Henry Mc Cabe

Charles H. Ungermach

Howard J. Smith

George W. Reichert

Margaret W. Kelly



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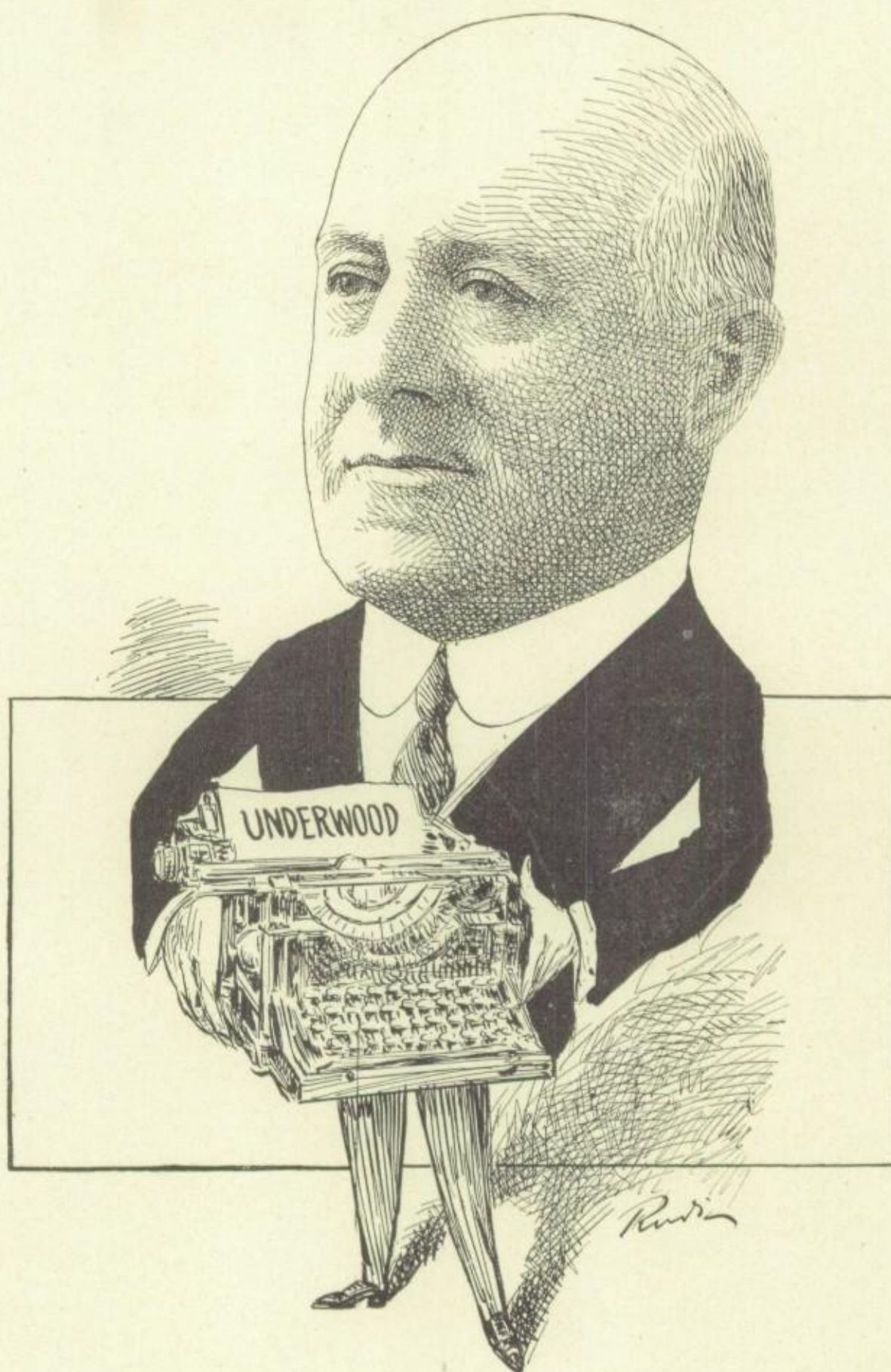


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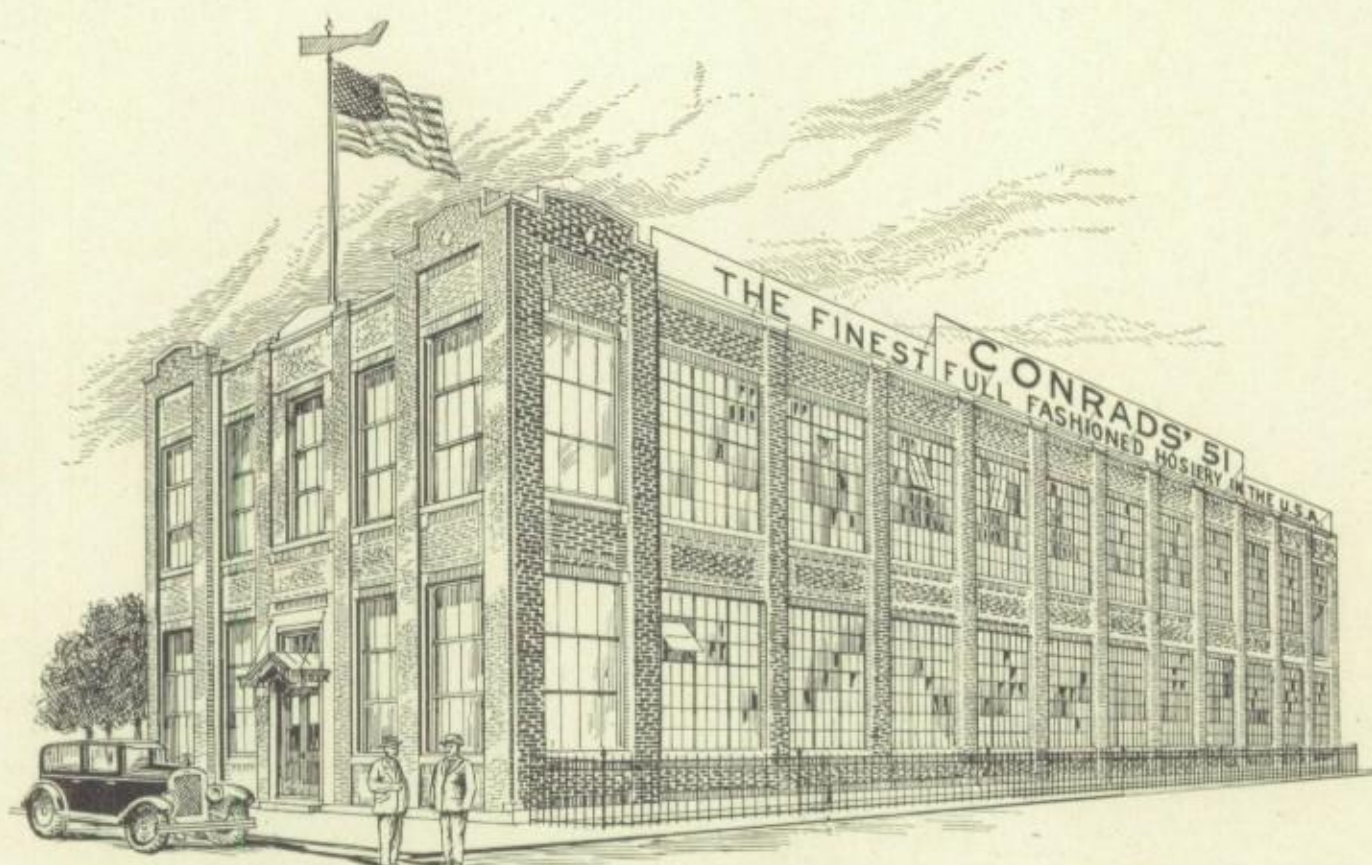
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ATTORNEY AT LAW OF  
NEW JERSEY

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DRUGS

676 MAIN AVENUE

CLIFTON NEW JERSEY

*Compliments of*

Section Room 312



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